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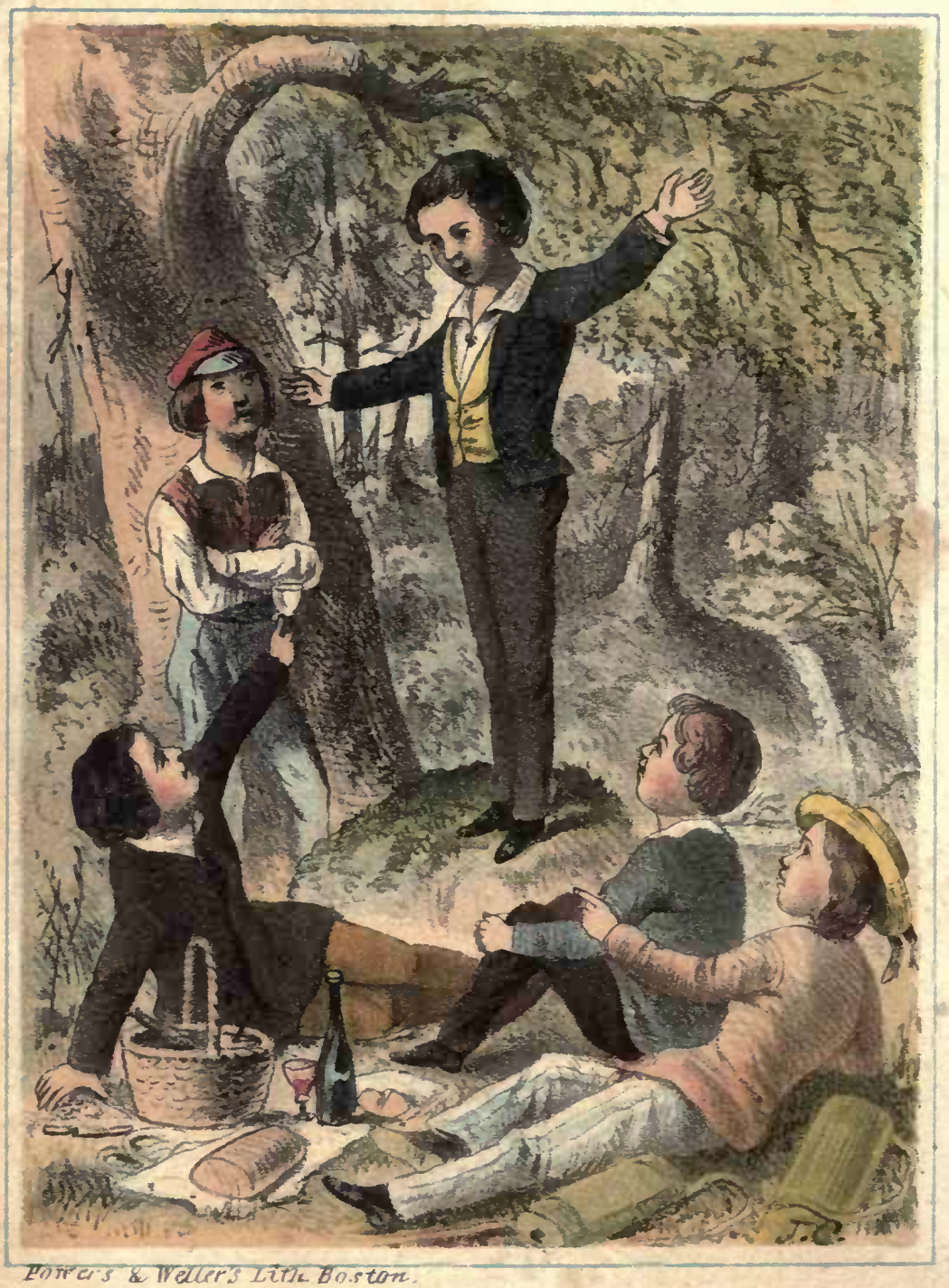

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A STUMP SPEECH

HURRAH FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

OR

THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF FREEDOM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

A. STEIN AND ROSALIE KOCH,

BY

Trauermantel.

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DEDICATION.

Dear Robert: —

Knowing your love for holidays, and lively sympathies with all boys and girls, Towsers and Pussies, — I am sure you cannot fail to find entertainment in the pages which are here offered you by

Your affectionate cousin,

THE TRANSLATOR.

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SCHOOLBOYS

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

LETTERS

FROM FREDERIC TO HERMANN.

1

LETTER I.

FREDERIC TO HERMANN.

I NOW, for the first time in my life, write to you as a matter of duty, and in consequence of a command. This proposition is quite true; but it is not the less a fact, that I never wrote to you more willingly. I will tell you how this has happened.

You already, through my letters, know my favorite schoolmates, and are aware that Rudolph Westadt is the son of a wealthy gentleman, who resides at a beautiful country place, which Rudolph describes as combining all possible charms. Shortly before the holidays, he received a letter from his father containing permission to come home, and to bring as many of his favorite companions with him as he wished. He read the letter with an impor-

tant air and in the most profound silence, cast his eyes over all the scholars who chanced to be present, thrust the document into his pocket, crossed his arms, and walked up and down with the air of a man who is deciding upon some weighty question of life and death. Still maintaining a lofty and dignified bearing, he looked down upon us as if we had been so many flies, and passed in silence to his chamber.

Early the next morning, Rudolph came to my room, read his father's letter aloud, gazed at me for some time without uttering a word, and finally said: "I will take you, Frederic, and your brother, Gustavus, with me."

We were both provoked at his self-importance, but at that moment felt nothing but gratitude for his invitation, and fairly danced round the room for joy.

Rudolph added: "I will also invite Otho Thorn and Frank Holten; we will then be five, and that will be quite enough."

Gustavus and I could not return home during the vacation on account of the distance; but the Principal had directions to permit us

to make short excursions into the neighborhood, should any good opportunities present themselves. Underhill, where Rudolph lives, is about twenty-eight miles from D——. We easily obtained the Principal's assent, and determined to make the journey on foot, allowing two days for its accomplishment, as we are no very extraordinary pedestrians.

No boys could be happier than we were, but certainly none were ever busier or more absorbed in their preparations for a journey. Our effects were all placed in one large trunk, and sent on before; Rudolph packed, and we brought him our things. He had reserved one half of the space for his own use, and divided the remaining half between us four, which arrangement gave rise to a most comical state of confusion, which was several times on the point of being restored to order by an appeal to force.

Rudolph threw aside article after article. "That cannot go; that must remain behind, there is no room for it here."

"But that is my jacket, — my vest, — I cannot do without them," was heard on all sides.

Otho said: "Let me jump in, I will soon stamp them down!"

This proposal restored a certain portion of the rapidly ebbing good-humor. After much strife, many groans and contests, many requests fulfilled or disregarded, the trunk was finally closed; but first two, and then three, were forced to leap upon the lid before it could be locked.

When we went to take leave of the Principal, we received various directions with regard to the management of our corporeal affairs. Rudolph being the eldest, and naturally our *Senior*, was rendered responsible for our arrival in sound health and safety at our journey's end. We were closely instructed with regard to our dietetical arrangements during the march; where we should rest, where we must remain during the night, and finally each received three dollars for travelling and pocket money.

We then went to the head teacher, who appoints the holiday exercises, and announced ourselves as ready to receive his orders, — poor wights!

Mr. Crown laughed as we entered, and said: "I saw at once that you had come to beg me for tasks."

"Yes, Mr. Crown," replied Gustavus, "only not too many."

"We will see about that," laughed the teacher, who then turned to me and said: "Frederic, have you a friend?"

I was really disconcerted. "A friend?"—I fancied I had at least forty.

"An absent friend, I mean?"

"Yes, Hermann——."

"Good! You must relate to him in a series of letters the origin, progress, and course of this contemplated journey and visit. On your return here, you will bring me copies of your letters, and they will constitute your holiday task. Do not write like a stiff pedant, or a wooden-headed Philister, but freely and naturally. Do you understand what I mean by naturally? Certainly not in a careless, rude, or disorderly manner; but give a simple and truthful account of all the joyful or sorrowful impressions you may experience."

Each one received his task, and we were of

course all dissatisfied, because we would have much preferred doing nothing at all. We modestly gave Mr. Crown sundry hints to this effect; but he seemed to be totally lacking in comprehension, and we were finally forced to be glad that we had come off so easily.

We began our march at six o'clock on the following morning; each of us carried a little wallet containing a shirt, a handkerchief, a piece of soap, combs, brushes, a pen-case, and a variety of other small articles. I had fastened my locked portfolio on my back, under my jacket, at which precaution our boys laughed themselves almost sick.

According to our instructions, we were not to think of a second breakfast until we had walked the first four miles. This terminus at first seemed to us much too near, as we marched gayly on in the fresh, cool morning air; but four miles is still four miles, and we were very glad to rest when we finally reached the stopping-place.

Our Senior, as we named Rudolph during the journey, selected a charming spot under

the alders growing on the banks of a murmuring brook, and there the provision-basket, which we had all by turns carried on a stick over our shoulders, was opened. It contained a flask of weak wine and water, rolls, cheese, and a little ham. Senior undertook the division of the provender, which was nicely graduated to our various degrees of good behavior; each one received a glass of wine.

So far all went well; we had appetites like young lions, and the only unfortunate circumstance was, that we plainly saw we had vainly relied upon our provisions lasting us during the following day, — a belief which we had fondly cherished at the time of our departure.

Senior sprang upon a stone, and thus addressed us: "My friends, you may consider me as the director of an itinerant troop of actors, who often have money, but oftener none. While they have, they spend freely and joyfully; and when they have none, they do without. Let us follow their example, and throw care to the winds!"

We all laughed heartily. "Bravo, Mr. Director! Hurrah for the Director!"

While he was returning thanks, Frank sprang upon the stone, and said: "My friends! You may regard me as the prompter of the company, and permit me to whisper a good idea into your listening ears. Why should we spend our money? Wherefore, I pray you? As soon as our provender is consumed, we will strive to reach some village, where we will divide, and, each selecting a house for himself, we will ask for a glass of milk or beer, with a slice of bread and butter, and will return to our comrades with our hunger appeased, and our funds undiminished."

This proposition, which Frank fancied very amusing, was received with universal disapprobation. "We are no beggars! We are travelling apprentices!" was heard from all sides; and our Director became so excited, that, in order to end the dispute, we all rose and renewed our march.

We had not gone far before we met a melancholy little caravan, consisting of a pale, sickly-looking young woman, with a baby on her back, a little girl of about four years old at her side, and a boy of seven trotting on before.

We soon began a conversation with the woman, asking her whence she came, and whither she was going. She told us that her husband had been a soldier, and had died but a few weeks before in a hospital; she was on her way to her native village, where she would place her children with her old mother. The woman's tale, and her pitiful clothing, excited our compassion. The only marks of mourning which she wore about her consisted of a black belt, apron, and neck-handkerchief; her remaining clothes were all colored.

In order to say something consoling, we remarked what a pleasure it would be for her mother to welcome her once more home.

"Ah!" replied the woman, "my mother is old and very poor, and what am I taking to her house? A heavy burden of care and sorrow! I am still weak from illness and distress; I can as yet earn but very little; the children, nothing: and yet we must all live. It will be a long time before we can reach our home; I cannot afford to ride, and hence take the children each day as far as possible on foot. Occasionally, some compassionate countryman

takes us in his wagon for a short distance, or kindly harbors us during the night. Poor children, they have suffered much!"

We consulted with one another, and our generosity prompted us to offer the woman a joint contribution of four pennies, which she thankfully received.

Quite satisfied with ourselves, we continued our way, and finally reached the village where we were to dine. This weighty point, dinner, had given rise to numberless debates on the way, and we had fully discussed what we had better order, and what the various articles would cost. One wanted omelet, another ham fritters, a third ham and eggs, a fourth potatoes and bacon, and a fifth dumplings, with ham and fruit.

Senior mounted his high horse, and said: "I will order, and you will eat whatever comes."

Thereupon arose a discussion of a somewhat rude nature, to which I put an end by asking: "Why we were making a pleasure tour? for we might have quarrelled just as well if we had stayed at home."

Every one laughed, and we finally agreed

that Senior should give the orders now, and if we were not satisfied, we would order for ourselves as we returned.

The inn was an ordinary peasant's tavern, and was at that moment very quiet, because all the people were enjoying a midday nap. The only living being to be seen was a girl in the kitchen (whither we made our way), washing dishes. Senior entered with all the dignity which his height and his long neck could bestow upon him, and said that we wished dinner as soon as possible.

"The old woman is asleep," replied the girl. Then she must be awakened, for this was an inn, and we wanted our dinners without delay. The girl quite snappishly suggested that we had better go into the sitting-room, and drink a glass of beer; before we could have finished, the old woman would surely make her appearance. We were all willing to accept this compromise except Senior, who evidently wished to cause an excitement, and was determined to have his own way; he insisted that the old woman must and should be immediately roused from her comfortable nap.

The girl flushed crimson with anger, flung her pots, pans, and dishes all into a heap, so that they fairly rung again, and left the room to call the mistress of the house. As she went out, we heard her say: "What a contrary boy!"

Senior pulled the ends of his cravat, and played with his stick; we were all dying to laugh, but did not wish to make him angry.

After a while, the landlady, evidently in a very bad humor, made her appearance, and Senior bade us go into the sitting-room, where he would speedily join us. He soon fulfilled his promise, followed by the girl, who brought in hot water, sugar, lemons, cinnamon, and beer, out of which Senior concocted a drink, recommending it very highly to us as wholesome and excellent; the lemons were the remains of a recent merry-making held in the house.

After the lapse of about an hour, the girl again appeared with our dinner, which consisted of ham, potatoes, and dumplings. We were very well satisfied; but our gratification

received a severe shock when Rudolph, at our departure, informed us of the amount of our bill.

Frank said: "Of course we must pay for your want of politeness, and assumption of dignity."

"Never mind," said Gustavus, "we are in search of pleasure; what do we care if we pay a little more or a little less? the dinner was good, we enjoyed it, and will cheerfully pay for it; so here goes! — hurrah!"

We were all of the same opinion, and said no more about it.

We thought we should now walk on with renewed vigor; but our limbs were quite stiff, and our pace very slow. After a little time, we saw a man in a miner's dress sitting under an oak-tree. When he saw us coming, he took out his violin, and began to play a lively air. The music was really inspiring; we sat down beside him and listened. He was a fine-looking old man, with long white hair. When he had finished playing, he told us his history. After celebrating his fiftieth anniversary as a miner, he had resigned, and now supported

himself by travelling through the country, and playing on his violin.

"Wherever I go," said he, "I play a lively tune, which brings all the young people to their feet, and they dance away to their heart's content; that gives me, an old man, so much pleasure, that I forget my age and my weary lot, and cheerfully journey on in the bright light of day, which, during fifty years, I so rarely beheld. My sons are miners, my girls are all married, and now I have only my old wife, who goes about with me to take care of my health, and nurse me, if need be. She remains at the inn, while I wander up and down the highways and the by-ways seeking a subsistence."

How touching and noble all this sounded to us young people! two very aged persons, so devoted to each other, and, notwithstanding their white hairs, still forced to trust to chance for a scanty subsistence. We again held a consultation, and concluded to give him two pennies apiece; less was not to be thought of. He thanked us, and, as he raised his cap, displayed a head of snow-white hair, which excited our most profound veneration.

Quite satisfied with ourselves, and happy in the consciousness of having performed a good deed, we continued our way, but very leisurely; indeed, so slowly that even the Austrian militia would have found no difficulty in overtaking us.

In the morning we had said: "If we meet a vehicle of any kind, the owner of which offers us a drive, we will by no means accept the favor; we are making a pedestrian journey, and if we were to ride for one hour only, we should lose all the credit, and every one would say we had ridden half the way."

Thus far we had not been tempted; but morning and evening are very far asunder, and suggest very different resolutions!

About a mile from a village, we were overtaken by an ordinary farm-wagon. We cast one look at the wagon, and one at our companions, — all immediately comprehended.

"Hola! will you let us ride with you as far as the village?"

The driver, a young peasant, laughed. "In my wagon?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, jump in; but you cannot sit down."

We obeyed, and were very glad to stand, finding it impossible to sit, from the fact that the wagon had just been emptied of a load of manure. Thus far had we descended from our lofty elevation! It was certainly not very comfortable, but we managed to keep our limbs whole, and gave the boy a penny as we got out. A profitable undertaking!

Through some by-ways which a friendly traveller pointed out to us, we managed to reach our night quarters, with which we were highly delighted, as the hotel was excellent, the village pretty, and the surrounding scenery charming. We were mortally weary, and begged for some milk, bread, and butter. When we had finished our supper, we asked for our beds. Gustavus, who went to ascertain their whereabouts, met the old miner just entering the house, accompanied by an old woman dressed in black. "He must certainly have been very much fatigued," said Gustavus, "for he did not seem to know me."

Scarcely had our heads touched our straw

pillows, when we were all fast asleep. But toward midnight we were wakened by a most terrible noise; raging, quarrelling, stamping, the sound of falling blows, then cries and shrieks, finally subsiding into quiet. We were quite startled; I bolted the door, and we again fell asleep. After a short time, the same sounds were renewed, and again died away. Again we slept, and were again aroused; the people seemed to have all gone mad!

We rose at six, and ordered coffee brought to us in the garden, because our sleeping-room felt rather close. We then questioned our host with regard to the tumult during the past night.

"Ah!" said he, "the old miner whom you may have met yesterday, and who travels round the country with his violin, seems to have been unusually successful. Whenever his harvest is tolerably good, the old good-for-naught and his wife get drunk together, and always end by quarrelling and beating one another, and making such a rumpus that every one would gladly run away. Were I not a landlord, I would soon show them the door!"

I believe we all blushed; at least, we answered not a word; but when the landlord went out, we burst into a loud laugh.

"That is a fine use of our money," said Otho; "we would have done much better to have treated ourselves! I am only glad to have had an opportunity of learning the word 'rumpus'; it is a very fine expression, and I intend to adopt it."

I laughed with the rest, but I could not help thinking of the pale woman with her three helpless children. Four pennies! Could we really have been so heartless?—I could not help imparting my reflections to my companions, who listened in silence: all felt sorry, but it was now unfortunately too late to mend the matter, and we could only draw from it a useful lesson for the future.

We then recommenced our journey, and were very fortunate during the whole day. We had scarcely walked a mile, when some kind country people asked us to ride with them. Of course we accepted their offer, and, everywhere meeting with similar good fortune, we rode until we came within a mile of Un-

derhill, when we left the main road, and pursued our journey amid the most charming scenery. The footpaths were narrow, and interlaced each other in every direction. I know nothing more alluring than such intricate little labyrinthine ways, and more than once I thought of an expression used by Mr. Crown: "Footpaths are like entrancing mysteries, which one involuntarily pursues to a conclusion, and never without an inward satisfaction."

We here regained our youth and freshness, for our stiff limbs had really made us think ourselves quite aged. When our eyes finally fell upon the castle-like country-seat of Underhill, our hearts beat with joy.

Peacocks screamed, various persons greeted us, and dogs barked. Rudolph hastened onward. We followed more slowly, and were received at the hall-door by our Senior and his father.

LETTER II.

FREDERIC TO HERMANN.

I PARTED from you at the hall-door of Underhill, after having been obliged to sit a long time at my writing-desk, that I might bring you even that far. I am now again seated, pen in hand. O, if Mr. Crown only knew what it was to be forced to write letters during the holidays, he would probably have been more merciful.

I speak very importantly of "sitting at my writing-desk"; but, to tell the truth, my position is not quite so convenient; we are all writing, and my place is on a high stool, with my paper resting on the shelf of a little cupboard; my ink has been poured out for me into a muscle-shell. Rudolph calls this living *à la mode antédiluvienne*, and says I am a hap-

py fellow to have made such an experience. There is certainly something quite comical in such primitive arrangements, when one is surrounded by all the abundance and varied appliances of modern civilization.

But now, instead of continuing from where I left off, I must go back a little. On the second day of our journey we talked much of the hunger we should certainly feel when we reached Underhill. Rudolph, however, said, in the most dignified manner: "Set your minds at rest; my mamma will provide an excellent breakfast for us: chocolate —"

"Oh!" cried we all with one voice.

He continued: "Chocolate, with toasted rolls or cakes —"

Renewed exclamations of "Oh! Oh!"

"Yes, I assure you, chocolate with cakes, bread, butter, ham, eggs, cheese, anchovies, steaks —"

We felt quite confused, and cried out: "O, that would be entirely too much!"

He gave a confident smile, and went on naming radishes, sausages, fruit, &c., &c., until his imagination was entirely exhausted. Our

fancies were raised to the loftiest pitch of expectation, and we redoubled our pace.

I once more ask you to accompany us to the hall-door, where we were met by Rudolph and his father, who introduced us all to his wife. This lady is, with the exception of my own mamma, the loveliest mamma that ever my eyes rested on; and we saw in her kind face the verification of all our anticipations with regard to chocolate, &c. But after bidding us welcome, she said: "Now, my young lads, you must go to your rooms and rest awhile. You are too warm and excited to eat or drink. At the end of an hour I will have you called; you will then find your clothes, brushes, combs, and soap all unpacked, and, with the aid of a little water, will soon be ready for the soup which will then await you."

What a fall was there, my countrymen! If we only had not been forced to go to sleep, and could have slipped out to the stables and dog-kennels. But nothing could be done; we lay down against our wills, and, still against our wills, fell fast asleep, but, when awakened,

washed and dressed ourselves with great alacrity.

The dinner was delightful; we were called upon to relate all our adventures, were heartily laughed at for our ill-timed generosity, and were finally obliged — a delightful necessity! — to drink, in sweet Malaga, the health of all knights-errant. After dinner, and until tea, we employed our time in a thorough examination of the house and its environs, and finally went mortally weary to bed.

But were I to continue in this strain I should never end, and hence I must in future confine myself to the most important events.

Important events, — alas! we have already had the most serious adventures! My hand still trembles at the very thought of all we have experienced.

Rudolph told us that his mother's birthday fell upon the eighth, and that, if possible, we must employ our combined intellects in producing a fine poem in her honor, and must, at all events, show our skill in winding a number of pretty wreaths. We assented with all our hearts; Rudolph's mother is such a lovely lady!

We began with the poem, as the most difficult portion of our task. Rudolph said: "I am the son of the house, and will of course begin: three verses will suffice. Frank and I will make the first, Otho and Frederic the second, and the third will remain as an exercise for Gustavus, assisted by us all. I will now commence with the first line; you, Frank, must follow with one in the same measure, rhyming with my last word. I will then begin again, you will proceed as before, and thus our portion of the task will be accomplished."

Rudolph placed himself in the middle of the room, and declaimed:

"O beloved mother dear!"

Gustavus cried out from his corner:

"Give us all a glass of beer!"

This was too much for the poet; he sprang forward, and, had I not suddenly placed myself between the boys, my brother's ears must have suffered the penalty of his rashness.

But Frank was also dissatisfied, and said: "Gustavus is quite right, Rudolph. I do not like your line at all, and I can think of no

rhymes but tear and fear; and surely you will not wish to connect such ideas as those with your mother on her birthday!"

Rudolph was quite excited. "It is certainly not my fault that you cannot elevate your thoughts into the sphere of poetical ideas. Dear, near, sere —"

We all laughed.

"I see," said he, "that you either cannot or will not be reasonable. But no matter, I can begin differently:

"On this happy, blissful day,"
Frank: "Beams the sun with mildest ray."
Rudolph: "Ne'er so brightly hath he shone:"
Frank: "May he shine for thee alone."

Otho burst out into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "What! must we all sit in the dark? I cannot stand that! I too wish a few beams for my own benefit."

"Very well! Then do it better yourself!" said Rudolph, quite sharply.

Otho gave me a glance, half mournful and half comic, and began:

"The blessed day that bore thee."

"What," laughed Rudolph, "was the day my grandmamma?"

It was now Otho's turn to look vexed. He shrugged his shoulders and said: "If you choose to cavil at the arrangement of my words, I can easily alter their position or substitute others. Let me see:

"We bless the day that saw thee born,"
Frederic: "This earth to brighten and adorn;"
Otho: "To cheer the suffering, aid the oppressed,"
Frederic: "And gladden every human breast!"

There was no direct opposition made to this verse, but still an indistinct murmuring evinced that it had not given entire satisfaction, and Gustavus finally said: "Listen a moment to a proposition I am about to make. Give up all idea of writing a poem; you will never agree about the lines, because, with all due deference be it said, you are none of you poets, and you feel your deficiencies without the power of increasing your talents. I think you had better use your little, innocent rhymes as inscriptions for transparencies, which can be wreathed with flowers and employed wherever they may appear most suitable."

Otho clapped him on the shoulder, and replied: "Dear child, you have fallen upon a jewel of an idea, and I for one agree to its adoption."

We all did likewise, and I can assure you that, when the poem fell through, it seemed as if a weight had fallen from our hearts.

We immediately began inventing a variety of fancy letters for our inscriptions, which we took good care to make as simple as possible. They ran thus: "To our dear mother"; "To the queen of the day," &c. We colored and oiled our papers, which were really quite skilfully prepared.

We made our wreaths of moss and ivy; they looked very simple, but then we were sure they would not fade. We all agreed that nothing was more pitiful than a parcel of blighted flowers, such as we every day see at celebrations and festivals, both public and private. Whenever I can, unobserved, remove such a faded wreath out of the way, I always do it.

We made two charming wreaths for the two birthday cakes; one consisted of rose-buds

and sprigs of forget-me-not, and the other of rose-buds and ivy-leaves.

Of course we had a monstrous deal to do, and were as busy as a hive of bees. On the eighth we rose at five in the morning, and soon arranged all our wreaths and transparencies.

When everything was prepared to our satisfaction, some one said: "Now let us go and see our dear, good old fellow!"

The said dear old fellow is a tall, handsome hunting-dog, which has not yet been trained, and which, being very wild, is constantly kept chained. We all felt very sorry for him, and visited him three or four times every day. On this morning, when we had so much reason to rejoice, we felt doubly compassionate.

"Towser, old Towser, you dear, good old fellow, what do you want?"

Towser leaped about among us all, barking and whining alternately.

"Poor fellow! how you would like to be loose, and go out!"

"It is a great shame," said Gustavus, "that the poor dog can have no pleasure to-day.

Power's & Weller's Lith. Boston

TOWSERS HOLIDAY.

It is fortunate he does not know it is a birthday!"

We laughed, but we felt really sorry for Towser.

"If he could only run about for a quarter of an hour, — only for five minutes!" said one.

The result of this observation was, that we concluded to loosen Towser's chain, and take him out to walk with us in the fresh morning air, when surely no one would observe us. He seemed to divine our intentions, barked, howled, licked our hands, and went on like mad.

Rudolph, as the strongest, held the chain; the stable door was carefully opened, and Rudolph was about stepping out with a dignified, manly stride, when Towser plainly gave us to understand he had another pace in view. As soon as he perceived the open door, he rushed forward; Rudolph tried to hold him, but in vain: the chain slipped through his fingers, and he fell full length upon the stable floor. There was neither time nor cause for laughter; calling and pursuit were equally vain.

In a few moments we saw Towser exchange greetings with a brown spaniel, and then away they both darted, like two arrows, into the far distance.

What was to be done? We were horrified at the ungrateful conduct of our favorite, and still more horrified at the awkward position in which he had placed us. Gustavus thought he would soon return. Truly, he looked like it when he ran away!

But what course could we now pursue? Go and tell on ourselves? Ah! Whoever has been called upon to perform that task, especially on a birthday, will forgive us for having shuddered at the bare idea. We finally determined to impart our dilemma to the so-called wood-runner, the hunter's obedient servant, whose business is to feed the dogs, and especially to perform every duty which the forester fancies beneath his own dignity. He is still half a boy, and would surely comprehend our situation. He fortunately stood in the court-yard. We called him: "Hugh! here, Hugh!"

Hugh came, expressed his horror at our rash

attempt, and was of course insufferably wise as to what we should have done.

"Yes, my lad," said I, "we are all wise enough now; but that helps nothing,—your limbs are our only hope. Run after Towser, catch him, bring him back, and, I tell you, you shall receive such a reward as your eyes never fell on before."

Master Wood-runner stared at me, and evidently desired some more definite conception of the vast advantage he was to derive from the proposed exhibition of his activity.

"We will give you," continued I, with increasing earnestness,—"we will give you—" here followed sundry friendly thrusts in the ribs, as warnings against too great a stretch of generosity—"each one of us, I tell you,—*each one of us* will give you a sixpence; that makes five sixpences!"

Hugh did not move.

"Hugh," continued I, persuasively, "only think,—five sixpences!"

Still no answer; not a sign of consent.

"Hugh, five silver sixpences, and one I will add from my own purse, make six!"

Hugh turned and said: "Yes, that is all very good; but when the forester comes to know of it, I will catch it on the side of my head."

"O no! He will not dare to touch you, because we are concerned in it. Run now,—only run; and if he boxes your ears, you shall have another sixpence."

Hugh started on his mission. "I think I will try it for that!" cried he. The lazy clown! If I had been in his place, how I would have run, and would have taken no pay either!

Rudolph was in a very bad humor, and talked incessantly of our situation; we, however, finally made him comprehend that the most important point now was to place ourselves in a situation to present our congratulations to his mamma.

We rearranged our toilets, and slowly entered the hall, where stood the breakfast-table, adorned with the cake and its crown of roses and forget-me-nots. Only the chief person was still wanting. We had risen so joyously, and now we stood deep in thought, reflecting

upon the faithlessness of dogs, and their probable misdeeds, when freed from an irksome captivity.

We were at length enabled to offer our congratulations; our devices were highly lauded, and we might have been so happy, if —! The breakfast was delicious, but I never ate a meal with so little relish. After breakfast we began to reconnoitre. Nothing was to be seen or heard; only the forester stood in the yard, and scolded away at the dog-boy, as he called Hugh, who was nowhere to be found. "Has he gone for ivy for you?" asked he.

Half through embarrassment, and half through carelessness, I fortunately fell over a stone; my nose bled, and both question and answer were forgotten.

We went out into the fields, in the hope of meeting the rascally dog which had played us such a trick. In vain! But as we returned, we saw Hugh awaiting us at the gate.

"Have you got him?" cried we, all at once.

"Not I; but some one else has!"

"Who then?"

"The peasant whose sheep he has bitten, and whose calves he has hunted to death!"

We stood as if petrified. Rudolph was the first to recover his self-possession.

"Where is the man?"

"He has gone up to the house to complain. Towser is chained as before, but the forester has been flogging him for the last half-hour."

We sighed; this was another consequence of our humane efforts.

"Where is my father?" asked Rudolph.

"He has gone out."

Rudolph threw us a glance, which we immediately understood.

"I will go at once to my mother!" said he.

"We will all go with you," was the reply; "we are all equally guilty."

We went, but I can assure you ours was no triumphal procession.

Rudolph's mother met us in the hall. "What have you done?" said she. "This is a sad piece of business; how could you let the dog out without permission?"

We told our tale, and of course the birthday played no unimportant part. The good-natured lady laughed.

"I see, — you meant well, but the result has been unfortunate. My purse has suffered, for I have been obliged to pay sixteen dollars for damages, and even that was a most reasonable demand. I am glad the man came to me; your papa might have been, for the moment, seriously displeased; he will not think so hardly of it when I tell him how it all happened."

We were utterly confounded.

"O mamma!" said Rudolph, "how much money you have had to pay! Do not be vexed with us!"

"No, no. I shall not think of it again!

So saying, she kissed her son, and gave us all her hand, which we kissed with glowing cheeks and downcast eyes.

We then went to our room quite exhausted with our emotions and our courses through the fields. We had thoughtlessly gratified what we had considered an innocent desire; we had yielded to a feeling of compassion, and the poor creature which we fancied we were about to serve had received a good half-hour's beating; and the queen of the feast had

been forced to pay sixteen dollars because we had wanted to take a poor dog a fifteen minutes' walk in honor of the day; but not having yet finished his education, he was unworthy to be trusted with liberty, and made the worst possible use of it. We were very much abashed, and all went to sleep.

When we awoke, Rudolph stood before us, his face beaming with joy.

"I have seen papa, and he is not at all angry. He said to me: 'I knew before you came that you would play some foolish pranks; I must confess I was not quite prepared for such a costly piece of folly. Take it as a good lesson, and henceforth never assume an authority to which you have no right. I have of course repaid the money to mamma. And now let us say no more about it; I forbid you to allude to the subject again! We will enjoy your dear mamma's birthday together.'"

We were very glad that it was all over, but we could not quite forget our shame and sorrow until the evening. Mr. Westadt had sent for a quantity of fireworks, wheels, rockets, and

Roman candles; we were intrusted with their display, and while they were leaping and hissing, we lost the recollection of our *dog-sorrow*, as Gustavus called it, and were happy in the very depths of our hearts.

The transparencies were charming. We did not venture again to visit Towser; but Hugh received his six sixpences.

LETTER III.

FREDERIC TO HERMANN.

We have had a long ride, and I will describe it to you. Mr. Westadt told us day before yesterday that he was about sending a wagon to the city, and if it would give us any pleasure we might accompany it thither; he added, that it was only a farm-wagon, and that going out we must sit on the straw, and coming home, on the meal-bags. We were of course ready for anything, and could scarcely wait until the horses were harnessed.

Mr. Westadt gave us a letter to the merchant from whom the meal was to be purchased, and counselled us to present it ourselves, as we would find great entertainment in an acquaintance with this excellent but singular character. The wagon, drawn by

four fine horses, finally stood before the door; we all jumped in, and drove off laughing and rejoicing. The whole ride was a festival, although somewhat uncomfortable, as the straw we had been promised was a mere handful.

We sang all sorts of pretty bird-songs, and Frank, who is an excellent mimic, at the close of each verse imitated the notes of the various birds; that was really charming! We also had plenty of jolts over stocks and stones, which infused no little variety into our trills. We greeted every little peasant-boy we met with comical speeches; they all stared at first with mouth and eyes wide open, but were sure to laugh heartily after we had passed by.

The merchant, Mr. Steensen, gave us a most cordial reception. "Charming, really charming, that you have come to pay me a visit! Nice young lads! If I were ten years younger, and owned a million, I would give you a ball!"

The last part of his speech, "If I were ten years younger," &c., was very frequently made use of, and his good-natured looking wife, who had already provided us with a plentiful

supply of excellent bread and butter, said, laughing: "We will have to wait long, papa, before you own a million! In the mean time, had you not better give these young people some sweet wine, and some of your fine Smyrna figs?"

This was no sooner said than done; wine and figs were brought. Mr. Steensen filled our glasses full, and, lifting his own high in the air, declaimed in the most pathetic manner:

> "I bid ye welcome from my heart, and joy
> To greet ye in my fair ancestral halls!

You must know, my charming young people, that my great-great-grandfather exercised his calling in this very house; he was no knight of lance and sword, but brandished an honest yardstick. The retail store by degrees became a large commission house; but when I undertook the business there was neither money nor goods. I began with a hundred dollars. Truly a small beginning, but the money bore good fruit! Saving and working, working and saving, must, in the end, bring one through. Would you like to see my warehouses, my

dwelling-houses, and my gardens? Come along, then!"

We were shown everything, Mr. Steensen, meanwhile, declaiming verses and talking about that million. We were highly entertained, especially with the comical old gentleman. A short time after we returned to the house in which Mr. Steensen lived, a knock was heard at the door of the sitting-room. The old gentleman sang:

"'T is he! 'T is he!
I know him well!"

A young lad with a handsome, open countenance entered, and, approaching the master of the house, said: "I am going now, and wished to thank you once more before my departure."

Mr. Steensen's countenance, hitherto merely jovial, assumed an earnest and benevolent expression. "Are you going, my lad? Well, God be with you on your new path in life, and it must lead you to a good end. Have you packed up everything? Is all in order?"

"All; I only wished to thank you once more."

Mr. Steensen gave the boy his hand. "Let us part, as we knew we must years ago, and keep a brave heart."

Augustus (such was the boy's name) dried the tears which now gushed from his eyes; Mrs. Steensen placed a little package of eatables in his coat pocket, at the same time whispering in his ear some consolatory, motherly phrase. Augustus sobbed aloud; but, suddenly repressing his emotion, he bent his eyes in grateful affection upon his benefactor, and repeated with a steady voice the beautiful hymn:

"Upon thy wisdom build I, Lord," &c.

When he had ended, Mr. Steensen took his hand and hastily left the room.

Mrs. Steensen dried her eyes. "That is an adopted son of my good husband's; indeed, I may say, one of his adopted sons, for beside the six of our own which God has been pleased to send us, he has always found room in his heart for other people's poor orphan children."

We had all become quite still and serious, and now regarded Mr. Steensen's character from an entirely different point of view.

Powers & Walters Lith. Boston.

THE NEW TUTOR.

"Where is Augustus going to?" asked I.

"He is to be a cabinet-maker, and is going to learn his trade."

Mr. Steensen re-entered the room. "The bags are ready," said he.

We took leave, and climbed up into the wagon. Our good friend presented us with another fine drum of fresh figs, and declaimed:

> "Farewell! It is a heavy sound,
> And yet it must be said, — Farewell!"

We all laughed as we bade him adieu, and renewed our thanks for his kindness. This visit furnished us with abundant material for conversation; we had never before seen so singular a person, but the esteem we were forced to accord him was beneficial to us.

"O," said Otho, "when I am old enough and live upon my own means, I will certainly take pains to help such poor lads on in the world; it must be monstrous pleasant!"

"I can repeat so many verses, and know so many poems," remarked Frank, "and yet I was quite angry with myself that I never could think of any suitable reply to Mr. Steensen when he fell into his pathetic moods.

Man is nothing but a booby, for he never knows how to make use of what he has learned. I can repeat such quantities of fine poems!"

Hereupon Master Frank began to recite some of the most popular verses in our language, which entertainment continued, to our mutual satisfaction, until we reached Underhill.

Mr. Westadt met us at the hall door, and inquired into the particulars of our journey. We gave him a full account.

"Yes," said he, "Steensen is a man of large but honestly earned fortune, of somewhat limited education, but with a heart full of love to his kind."

Our ride had been delightful, we had met with no misadventures, and we all went to prepare ourselves for the afternoon, when Rudolph's only sister, Emily, was expected.

She had stopped on her way from boarding-school at her grandmother's, to make a little visit, and was now to spend the remainder of the vacation with her parents. Rudolph spoke of her in the highest terms: she was beautiful

as a rose, and in every respect a pattern. With the exception of Gustavus, who made no such claims, we guests all regarded ourselves as Rudolph's future brothers-in-law, and determined to win the young lady's favor.

"My sister," said he, stroking his chin as if he already felt indications of the crop he might perhaps expect during the next ten years, "my sister will have hundreds to choose from. Her beauty, her intellect, her wealth —"

We all sighed. He smiled condescendingly.

"But do not let that disturb you, for if one of you should chance to please her — well, as I said, she is as modest as she is lovely."

Gustavus burst into a loud laugh. We were indignant, and attempted to silence him; but truth always prevails, and we ended with laughing louder than he, henceforth regarding the whole affair as supremely ridiculous. Rudolph grew very red, and refused to laugh with us.

We then held a council over the proper mode of arranging the reception; we had determined to meet the young lady at the entrance to her father's estate, but how? To

plant ourselves there and lift our hats, was far too simple a proceeding. We talked and talked, until finally Rudolph said: "I will tell you how we had better do. We have a pony and a donkey at our disposition, as well as saddles and bridles for both. I will ride the pony, because I am the brother, and must head the procession; lots shall decide upon the rider of the donkey, and whoso fate shall choose must be my squire. I have a whole armory filled with Christmas gifts, consisting of shields, lances, helmets, and swords: we can choose from among them, and arm ourselves accordingly." We were to meet after the selection in the grove before the house, make our final arrangements, and then away over stock and stone.

This proposition was unanimously agreed to, and the childishness of the entertainment entirely overlooked. Rudolph found an excellent suit for himself; his squire, Otho, received the next best, and the rest of us took what remained. Unfortunately, all had more or less suffered from the ravages of time.

"My shield still wants a device," said Ru-

dolph; "I will ride with an open visor, and my motto will do for all. Come, here is a brush and some paint; what inscription shall I choose?"

"For Justice and Truth!" cried Gustavus. We all shook our heads.

"For God and my Lady!" Better, but still not satisfactory.

"With God's aid, for our King and Country!"

"Never mind," said Rudolph; "I can do better myself. Cut me a rose out of this pink paper, and some leaves out of the green. Good! Now we will paste them on. So — But now the device."

He took the brush and painted the inscription. Over the rose stood, "My Sword for the Right!" and beneath, "My Heart for the Rose." We were delighted, and loudly testified our approbation.

We readily received permission to ride out at four in the afternoon on the pony, the donkey, and our own good trotters, and left the house as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. We halted at the grove, and, fastening our

animals to a strong branch, speedily completed our toilets. Rudolph let his squire arm him; a bunch of red feathers floated from the top of his helmet, while Otho, whose thick blonde locks flowed down nearly to his shoulders, had chosen a tuft of blue plumes. Both looked very handsome and very vain as they vaulted upon their steeds, while we poor squires of the forlorn aspect followed on behind. Whenever a harmless traveller was seen upon the road, the body-squire had orders to ride forward and to ask, in the name of the Knight of Underhill: "Whence? Whither? Whether a secure escort were needed, or aid required?"

These questions for the most part met with no comprehension, but were always answered by a laugh and a lifting of the cap.

The outer gate was finally reached, and the body-squire received his last instructions: "As soon as my sister arrives, and the gate is opened, ride to the door of the carriage, bow reverentially in your saddle, and say: 'Noble lady, my lord, the noble Knight of Underhill, sends you a greeting, and begs you will gra-

ciously permit him to escort you to your castle.' Then you must gallop back to me with the answer."

Otho somewhat indignantly interrupted him: "You are always talking about leaping and galloping; *you* may leap and gallop with an old donkey, but I must confess I can't. If you want any such antics played, you must give me your horse."

The sound of a post-horn suddenly put an end to the discussion. Rudolph cried: "Here comes the Rose of Underhill!"

Otho urged his donkey forward, while Rudolph rose in his saddle, and we stood behind as stiff and straight as wax tapers. Thus far we had enjoyed ourselves exceedingly; it is wonderful that a fancy costume can afford so much entertainment, but it is nevertheless true. Thus far, but alas! —

The gate was opened, but the driver had not yet retaken the reins, when Otho's appearance, the struggles of the obstinate donkey, and the floating plumes and scarfs, frightened the horses. They sprang to one side and threw the carriage into the ditch. The wheels fortu-

nately clung to the embankment, so that the vehicle was not overturned; but the driver lay on the ground, striving with all his might to hold the horses, now rearing and plunging with terror.

Rudolph quickly decided upon his course of action; he sprang from his little steed, threw aside helmet, scarf, and armor, and hastened to the driver's assistance. We all followed his example; the man rose to his feet, bade us stand aside, sprang upon his box, urged forward the horses, and thus succeeded in raising the carriage from the ditch: a stroke of art which not every one could have imitated. This was no sooner done, than he drove the still excited animals swiftly away, giving us no time for even a single peep into the carriage. Rudolph was very pale, I fancy we were all so, but springing upon the good little pony, which quietly stood where he had left it, he cried out to us: "I must follow!" and rode on without his cap, which he had left in the grove.

We stood a few moments in blank amazement; we then all spoke at once, and each

related what he had witnessed of the recent disaster. Some one finally said: "We too must follow; we will all walk, and the donkey can carry the armor."

Yes, but where was he? Nowhere to be seen or heard. We searched, called, and blustered, all in vain; we finally saw his long ears in a field of oats, where he seemed to be enjoying himself amazingly. There was a universal cry of indignation at the traitor. Frank pushed us all aside: —

"If you are not reasonable now, he will tread down the whole field, and do an incalculable deal of mischief; quit your silly screeching, keep yourselves quiet, and I will catch him."

We obeyed, and Frank went as prudently as an old man could have done straight towards the donkey. He slowly, very slowly, approached nearer and nearer to the animal, of whose existence he seemed utterly unconscious, being apparently absorbed in the lively air he was whistling. The donkey cocked his ears, but, hearing no call addressed to himself, remained standing in an evident state of doubt. When

Frank was quite near, he threw himself on the ground, seized the hanging bridle, and in one instant sat upon the back of the astonished animal. Frank quietly looked around him for a few moments, patted the donkey's neck, drew up his head, and urged him slowly forward. When he reached the place where we were standing, we all cried out: "Beat him! whip him well!"

Frank laughed. "Wherefore? It seems to me we are in no position to think punishment a necessary consequence of stupidity!"

The donkey had distracted our thoughts; but now that we had him once more, we reflected with dismay upon the recent disaster. There was now nothing to be done but to follow Rudolph, whose evident fear for his sister's safety had caused us the most serious uneasiness. The donkey was loaded, and led by the bridle; our march was as rapid as possible, under the circumstances.

Rudolph awaited us near the grove; he still looked pale and excited. "All is better than we could have hoped," said he; "I soon reached the carriage. Emily is well and un-

harmed, only sorry for the ill success of our fine masquerade. Does it not really seem as if fortune and our good stars had entirely deserted us? She begged the driver to observe strict silence, and, that he might not forget her injunctions, gave him a dollar, the last in her purse; but she felt only anxious to relieve us from all painful consequences. She then said she would ride on more slowly, and every one would think it very natural that we could not keep up with the carriage."

We breathed more freely, but only for a short time, for Rudolph continued: "I am monstrous glad that there will be no disturbance at the first reception; but we neither can nor should keep silence with regard to our adventure. I will tell my father of it this very evening."

"We will go with you whenever you say so."

This resolution was adhered to, but we were obliged to leave the armor in the grove, until after our proposed confession.

When we reached the house, Emily stepped out upon the portico to meet us. "Good

evening, all goes well; only do not betray yourselves."

Conscious of our magnanimous resolution, we received this warning in a very dignified manner.

An hour later, we all went, with Rudolph at our head, to Mr. Westadt's room. He looked at us inquiringly, and seemed to expect some important disclosure. Our very confused narration, for each told the story in his own way, and all talked at once, was heard through to the end without any change of countenance on the part of the listener. After a pause, Mr. Westadt said: "But why did you not arm yourselves before leaving the house?"

A long pause; we blushed and looked at one another. Rudolph finally replied: "Papa, we were afraid of being laughed at; it was great fun for us, but for persons who are no longer young—"

Mr. Westadt laughed: "In this whole affair, I can find nothing to blame, Rudolph, except your thoughtlessness. You knew very well that horses are often afraid of donkeys,

and you should by no means have sent the long-eared animal on before. Your affection for your sister should have rendered you more thoughtful. Thank God there was no accident! And now go, and try to avoid all silly pranks for the future. However, I find it only reasonable that you repay your sister the dollar she gave the driver. If you are obliged to deny yourself something, you will perhaps remember to be henceforth more prudent."

We left the room with lightened hearts; only Rudolph seemed to mourn over the loss of his dollar. "I think it quite unnecessary," said he; "what does a girl want with money? We boys have so many necessary expenses forced upon us by our honor; for example, the small change we must slip into the hand of every shoemaker's and tailor's boy that does an errand for us!"

We offered to make up the dollar between us, but that pleased the lordly Knight of Underhill no better.

Rudolph's sister is a blonde, and has really a lovely face, but I do not think I shall ever be his brother-in-law. There is plenty of time for

that, and I have quite made up my mind that my wife shall have black hair and black eyes.

I must now close this letter; one more, probably a short one, will follow, and then farewell to all the pleasures and pains of the holidays!

LETTER IV.

FREDERIC TO HERMANN.

Here I sit, my face the color of mahogany from the emotions contending in my soul; we have only four days more of freedom, and a portion of that invaluable time must be devoted to the completion of my journal. My companions in misfortune are sitting at my side, some spouting Latin, others Greek. Otho calls my task, my wholesale business, because I do not dwell much upon details, but render chiefly prominent the most important occurrences. My dear companions are quite provoked with me, and say: "Why are you always relating our mishaps? Why do you not describe the surrounding scenery, thus improving your talents in descriptive writing, and acquainting your reader with a new species of ennui?"

Yes indeed, the scenery, the surrounding landscapes, — if I had only observed them! I walk about in every direction, and feel very happy, but am quite indifferent to the external face of nature, provided I have plenty of room and fresh air. Otho now is entirely different; he falls into raptures over a beautiful view, and observes every light and shade, while I never paid any attention to any shadow but my own, whose thin infinity has frequently amused me when the departing sun has been about taking a few hours' leave of us.

Otho is really troubled about my want of love for nature, and when I consolingly reply to his remonstrances, "Otho, that will all come some day, only give me time!" — he answers, "No, it will never come if you do not try now to cultivate your heart and your eyes. I tell you, if you wander about so blindly and thoughtlessly over the earth, you will, all your life long, remain a pitiful fellow, who would rather be a turkey-cock than a nightingale, and who would prefer a mug of beer to a cup of water from a fresh mountain spring!"

"Of course, I would take the beer without a moment's hesitation."

"Do not jest, Frederic, for I tell you plainly, if you continue in this same way, I must cease to be your friend."

"Compose yourself, Otho, for I am just about filling my sheet with a most splendid description of millions of singing-birds, hundreds of rippling brooks, innumerable little many-colored blossoms, shady woods, and sunny heights."

A ruler suddenly whistled through the air. causing me to bend my head; but as it passed by without doing any damage, I added nothing further, and the conversation ended. Such wooden demonstrations of the power and beauty of nature were never very much to my taste.

Yesterday was another festival, and we enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. It was Emily's birthday, and we determined to celebrate it in some harmless way, as we significantly expressed it. We had no time to make any preparations, and left all to the inspiration of the moment; but when the important day came, and "Phœbus darted earthward his first ray," (what would Otho say to that?) we felt somewhat uneasy.

Rudolph said very decidedly: "We must do something, we cannot stand by, like stupid boys, with nothing to give, and no entertainment prepared. Come, bethink yourselves! we have a whole hour yet."

"O, what can we do in an hour?"

This time, the first good thought chanced to occur to me. We fastened an umbrella to a strong, moderately tall post, which we planted in an open, green space, we then expanded the umbrella, encircled it with a wreath of flowers, placed a low seat and a small table, also wreathed with flowers, under this canopy, and our preparations for breakfast were ended. While Rudolph went to order breakfast brought out on the green, (for a table with benches had been placed for us near the canopy,) and to escort his sister to her chair of state, Otho wound a wreath of the loveliest roses, which we aided him in plucking.

"Frank," cried Otho, in a kind of despairing haste, "we must present a few lines, a few verses, with the wreath; what you will, only let it be poetry!"

Frank was quite as deeply excited. "Lines

indeed! verses! It is very well to talk! If I had only known this yesterday evening! I know perfectly well that I can think of nothing appropriate; too great abundance is my ruin!"

"And mine, a total want," laughed Gustavus.

"No one thinks of me," said I; "and, with Goethe's help, I will carry all through in the most splendid manner. Where is the wreath?"

"I will give the wreath!" said Otho, decidedly.

"Good, good, my son! You shall present the wreath, I will throw my talma round me, will take a picturesque attitude, and declaim, while Frank stands behind me and makes the proper gestures. Gustavus, rush up to the house and bring me my talma."

This was no sooner said than done, all the preparations were completed, and Rudolph finally appeared with Emily hanging on his arm. After the first reception and congratulations were over, the wreath was presented to her, and I distinguished myself by the following impromptu:—

"The roses we have plucked
Greet thee a thousand times;
And as we lowly bent,
Through our souls a thrill was sent,
As we pressed them to our hearts
A hundred thousand times."

Frank made the most sentimental gestures, and the satisfaction was universal. As for sundry criticisms which I afterwards heard with regard to measure, rhymes, &c., I paid no attention to them, but, like a sensible philosopher, declined entering into any discussion. The foundation was good, and that is more than can be said of every structure.

We had a very merry breakfast. Emily and Rudolph then went to their parents; Rudolph begged permission to take Emily out into the woods in the donkey-cart, and there cook a second breakfast of potatoes.

His request was granted, and a place selected for us to build our fire where we could not possibly do any injury. Our reputation for prudence is unfortunately not the best in the world, as we discovered by the many rules laid down for our guidance.

The walk was charming. Emily sat alone

in the wagon, crowned with roses, and apparently driving the donkey with a roseate chain. The poor beast panted under the burden of the flowers with which we had adorned him. He also is no especial admirer of the poetry of nature.

The wood was charming beyond conception; we danced and shouted with delight. The air was so fresh, the wood so green, and our hearts so light! And the potatoes — I have no words to describe them; they must be cooked and eaten in the open forest to be appreciated. The search for the fagots, the kindling of the fire, the setting on of the potatoes, which we had previously peeled with our pocket-knives, the washing of them, the consultation as to too much or too little water, too much or too little salt, — in short, the whole process was, as Gustavus said, delicious.

Our raptures, however, were somewhat abated when we suddenly remembered we had nothing but salt to eat with our potatoes.

Otho said: "We are Spartans, and content with the most simple fare!"

I thought, however, that if the Spartans had

salt, and could have procured butter, they would certainly have done so. Frank asked, somewhat indignantly: "What did the Spartans know about potatoes?"

We searched our pockets, but could find only a single penny. Otho and I were sent therewith to the nearest cottage, and I can assure you we were no little embarrassed as we made our demand for "a pennyworth of butter." The woman laughed, and took us into her pantry, where stood butter, meal, grits, ham, and sausages. She asked if we had a plate. "No." "Never mind, then, we will take a cabbage-leaf. Peter," (to a boy,) "run out and bring a good-sized leaf."

Otho was unlucky enough to ask if the butter was worked with the hands, at the same moment casting a glance upon the woman's own hands. The answer, "With hand and ladle," drew forth a heavy sigh. The cabbage-leaf was brought, and the butter laid in it; the woman then cut off a fine slice of sausage, saying, "There!" and then added, "Would you like a piece of bread too?"

We started and looked at one another; we

could not avoid comparing ourselves with a pair of little beggar-boys, but nevertheless said heartily, "Yes."

This was probably the first considerable transaction in our youthful lives performed for the common good. We told the woman we were cooking potatoes in the wood for our own pleasure, but had only brought with us the roots and the salt, the water having been afforded by the brook. She seemed highly entertained, and said: "Take a cup of milk with you; you can return the cup before you go home. And here is another slice of bread, and a bit of sausage."

We thanked her heartily and departed. Otho laughed so that he could scarcely walk, and said we seemed to him like civilized marauders. I laughed too, but quietly thought whether it would not be possible, in return for so much kindness, to prepare some little pleasure for the good-natured woman.

We were most joyfully received, as well as the milk. The potatoes were done, the water was poured off, and the snow-white, mealy edibles placed in a large bowl, from which we

were to eat them with the aid of our pocket-knives. That was not very comfortable, but nevertheless we got through with it. We were all seated on the turf except Emily, who had the carriage cushions, and consequently a higher seat than the rest of us. She drank first out of the milk-jug, and then followed the Inspector's daughter, who is just Emily's age, and who had consequently been invited to our feast.

There are certain days when it seems as if pleasure was never weary of presenting herself in every possible new shape, and this was one of them.

When we returned to the house, we found a company of Bohemian musicians in the yard, and soon learned that Rudolph's father had invited them to remain, and intended to have dancing in the evening. What joy!

At dessert we ate cakes and drank champagne, but we scarcely knew how the cakes tasted, and certainly we had no need of champagne, for we were already intoxicated with high spirits.

After dinner, I begged Rudolph to ask his

mother for permission to invite Peter to the dance, that we might show our gratitude for bread, sausage, and milk. The permission was readily granted, and Otho and I galloped over to bring him.

His mother was highly flattered. "Yes, Peter, you may go; but you must first make yourself very nice."

He was told to wash himself in the kitchen, and also to brush his hair with water, that it might look quite smooth. Each piece of clothing he was to wear was separately named. We begged him to make haste, feeling very little interest in the result of his toilet. He finally made his appearance, with his hair plastered down to his head, quite pale in the face, and attired in his best clothes.

The evening was delightful, we were all so happy; only Frank and Otho were continually quarrelling because they both wanted to dance all the time with Emily. Once, indeed, I was obliged to apply to Rudolph, saying: "Come and part your brothers-in-law, or they will soon quarrel in earnest."

He laughed, but it was plainly to be seen

that he felt flattered, for he replied: "You see they are only schoolboys now; hereafter the students will do just so, and then perhaps a real duel may be the consequence."

I thought, "Plenty of time for that yet!" I felt entirely indifferent with whom I danced; the dancing itself was all I cared for, and there was always some one to be found willing to take a turn with me. I danced once with Peter, quite in the beginning of the evening, to start him, and I can assure you that it was for him a most useful lesson, as, every time he trod on my toes, I gave him a thrust in the side; this impressive method soon rendered him very careful.

A quantity of cake had been baked, and about ten o'clock we and all the other people had bread and butter, cake, and punch. Otho and I took care of our friend Peter, but somewhat too liberally; for when the dancing began again, he could neither walk nor stand. Otho and I took him off as quietly as possible, placed him in a comfortable corner, and said, "Now go to sleep, but do not snore too loud."

One hour later, the ball came to an end; Otho and I tried to awaken Peter, but in vain. We set him upright upon his feet, but down he fell, and even that failed to wake him. Mr. Westadt came up, and at once divined the truth.

"Let him sleep," said he; "I will send some one to tell his mother that Peter has fallen asleep, and may remain here until morning."

We had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Westadt say, as he walked away: "Those lads are always playing some stupid prank; it is useless to try to prevent them."

Otho and I felt very sorry, but our intentions had been for the best. When we awoke next morning, Peter had gone; we felt very glad, for it was quite possible he might not have been willing to recognize us, his benefactors, as such.

I must now take leave of this letter; of course it will be impossible for me to write again during the last few days. Mr. Crown told me to give a plain, unvarnished statement; I hope I have not obeyed him too literally! However, all doubts and fears are now

too late; if I have failed in the performance of my task, I shall hear it soon enough. Farewell, Hermann! I hope your holidays have been as pleasant as mine.

FREDERIC.

ANNA'S VACATION.

Power's & Ritter's Lith. Boston.

PUSSY PROMOTED.

ANNA TO AUNT ELIZABETH.

Dear Aunt Elizabeth: —

When you took leave of me, you said: "When your holidays come, you will have plenty of time, and you must write me a long letter; you can thus give me a great pleasure, and employ your leisure in a way most useful to yourself."

Yes, dear Aunt, I have now abundance of time, especially in the evenings, and I will write you a very, very long letter, indeed, more than a letter. Why I do so, you shall soon learn.

We heard in school, on the 8th of August, that our holidays would begin on the 14th. When I came home and told my mother, she said: "Thank God! I have long

felt weak and ill, Anna; and I fear I shall not escape without a serious illness. I may possibly keep up during the next few days, and then I shall have my child's care and society."

I felt very sad, and wept bitterly, but my mother said, consolingly: "Do not weep: only think how fortunate it is, that, although you are so young, you can already be my little comfort and support, and, though possessing so little experience, you are such an apt and sensible child. This very evening you must learn how to make a good broth, so that you may attend to the cooking when I shall be unable to do so."

The prospect of being permitted to be useful in the kitchen was very pleasant to me, and during the whole evening I was forced to laugh heartily whenever I thought of Mr. Long, who so often journeys to the Springs, and who, when he returns, sighs so deeply, and says: "O if I could only every evening have a good bowl of barley broth, such as they make at Marienbad!"

I know now what barley broth means, for my mother showed me how to make it, what

to use, and what to avoid. She ended her instruction by saying: "My Anna must make the broth to-morrow evening, and I hope it will be very good."

During the week preceding the vacation, I also learned how to make several other dishes; my mother taught me to prepare an excellent veal soup for four persons. "It is true we are but two," said she, "but the soup can be warmed for the next day, and if I cannot eat my share, you can divide the whole in two parts, when you will have plenty for two days. You must put the meat and all sorts of vegetables into the soup, let them simmer together until they are well cooked through, and then you have a dinner fit for a princess."

I could not help laughing at the idea of the princess, but all this preparation made me feel very sad. Mother also counted over the little money we had in the house. She divided it all into small packages, each containing enough for our necessary weekly expenses, the wages of the woman who does our heavy work, and the daily supply of food.

The whole sum was very small; my moth-

er's tears fell upon it, then, raising her eyes and hands to Heaven, she said, as if involuntarily, in tones of the deepest emotion: "Lord, Lord, thine almighty power still worketh wonders on the earth: Thou daily feedest millions, who, without thy aid, would perish in want and misery. Bless this little fund; bless it to me and to my child; O Lord, on thee do I call in the day of my need. Help me, thou merciful God! Amen."

I did not dare to move; my heart was filled with faith and veneration, not unaccompanied by fear; all that is solemn inspires me with just such feelings. My mother kissed me and said: "Do not grieve, Anna, and when your lot seems darkest, never forget to pray. In prayer lies a never-failing source of consolation; yes, more than consolation, — aid; for where faith and hope are, some refuge is always found. O, the Almighty God who created heaven and earth is still the same compassionate and loving Father to all who truly wish to be his children."

Even before the vacation began, my dear mother was forced to keep her room. She did

not wish me to remain away from school; Dame Grote, who did our rough work, came very often to see her, and finally, finally the sun rose on the long-desired day of freedom. O how joyfully I ran home, put away my books, and hastened to my mother's side! "Mother! Now I am free!"

She laughed, stroked my head, and said: "You little child of liberty, are you already thinking of world emancipation?"

I did not know exactly what that meant, but as my dear mother seemed joyful, I laughed heartily. She bade me sit at her bedside, and then said: "Now, child, let us talk a little together. I will send for the Doctor to-morrow, but Grote must come no oftener than usual, as I could not afford the additional expense. I have all that I now need, my nurse, cook, and dear little daughter, all in one person. Here are the keys: you must take care of everything, even of the money, and when I shall feel more unwell, and can no longer eat, you must cook something every day for your own dinner, and not live entirely upon bread and milk, as you may perhaps feel inclined to

do. I do not wish you to change your diet; and now remember what I have told you. You must also write long, long letters to Aunt Elizabeth; we can send them hereafter by some convenient opportunity. The occupation will fill many a vacant hour, and when you are writing to Lizzy, you will not feel lonely."

My duties began with making a bowl of barley broth; I then set away the things, and read aloud until mother fell asleep, when I took my work to the window and sewed. I did not begin this letter until the following day.

Next morning came the Docter. You do not know him, Aunt Lizzy! I tell you, he is really formidable! So tall and stout, with eyes as big as saucers, and heavy black eyebrows! When I looked up to him, I seemed no larger than a tiny lady-bird. He went to my mother, said little, but listened as she spoke. Finally he muttered, "Hm, hm," and then said, "Have you a good nurse?"

I stood in the door-way; my mother pointed to me. "Hm, that is a little comfort, I know, — but such a child in the sick-room?"

"Doctor," replied my mother, "what is learned in youth is rarely lost in age. It will do her no harm to know now what life has in store for us all, — labor, sorrow, and sacrifice. Most children learn to think only of themselves, and to live for themselves alone; thence are there so many solitary and unhappy parents in this world."

The Doctor replied, "Hm, hm," and then, turning to me, said: "If you are to be the only nurse, you must take good care, and play no silly pranks. I will write a prescription for your mother; you must give her a teaspoonful every hour. Have you writing materials?"

I had already prepared pen, ink, and paper, not forgetting a chair for the Doctor. Before he sat down, he cast a smiling glance toward me, dipped a pen in the inkstand, and then scratched something down upon the paper so fast that I could scarcely follow the letters, although I looked very closely, as I had never seen a prescription written before. When he had finished, he again looked over the recipe, placed it in my hands, and said: "This must

be attended to at once; have you any one you can send with it?"

"No, but I can run over to the apothecary's if you will only wait here a few moments."

He laughed. "Your most obedient servant, but I would prefer being my own messenger. I will go over to the apothecary's myself; give me the paper."

I did so, for why should not the Doctor take it himself? He bade my mother farewell, and nodded to me quite respectfully; I think he will soon be more friendly.

When the medicine-bottle came, I kissed it,—the dear bottle! It surely would cure my mother. She took the first spoonful and felt quite inspirited. I again made a bowl of barley broth, which she ate with me, read aloud as before, and finally retreated to the window with my work. The day passed very quickly, and when Grote came in the evening and said, "You must have found the day very long, all alone in a sick-chamber!" I thought over all I had done, and found I had missed nothing.

I must, however, give up my place at the window; the children in our street are really

too bad. They played and laughed to-day for hours together. I did not look much at them, because I wished to be industrious; but suddenly I found great handfuls of sand and pebbles flying in at the window. I rose and closed the sash, but as the boys only came nearer, shouting and making faces, I covered the lower panes with two sheets of writing-paper; the children then clambered upon a projection in the wall, and peeped over, laughing and shouting as loudly as they could. I ran quickly into the inner room, whose windows look out upon the little garden; they could no longer see me, and finally went away.

Such a scandalous adventure with a parcel of street boys makes me feel quite ashamed; but it is not my fault, for I have never had anything to do with them. I wish the Doctor would come and look at them with his great saucer eyes: how they would run away!

My dear mother grows weaker and weaker, she sleeps very little, and now tastes nothing but a few drops of barley-water. To-day she asked me, in a low, faint voice: "Do you sometimes make some veal soup for yourself?

You must let Grote bring you all you want." I said, "Yes," kissed her hand, and stifled my tears.

Early this morning, while Grote was in the house, several neighbors came to inquire for mother. When I entered the room, they all whispered to Grote, and then began to pity me, that, while still so young, I had so much care upon my shoulders. I gave them a friendly account of my mother's health; when I had finished, one of them said: "Yes indeed, the poor woman has seen better days; no one ever thought when she was young that she would come to this!"

I nodded, thanked them, and returned to the sleeping room. I could not listen to such conversation. We are not rich; indeed, many who have plenty might call us poor, but no one need talk about that. My mother has often said to me: "One should speak of one's troubles as seldom as possible, and strive to bear them quietly and cheerfully, especially all that relate to money matters. If I am heard complaining that I must keep house upon so little, I am universally pitied, and universally

judged. People will say, The poor woman has only so or so much; that is very little, but she might manage better with less. Why does she do this or that, and why is she not more economical? You see, my child, that is all we get by complaining; it makes us no richer, but may subject us to many annoyances."

I remembered all that, and therefore went back into my mother's chamber.

The veal soup, with the herbs and vegetables, has given me much trouble. Grote said: "Shall I make your soup?"

"No, I thank you."

"Who will do it, then?"

"I."

"You? You?"

"Yes, why not?"

"You? Well, now, I hope you do not expect your mother to eat it?"

"No, my poor mother has no appetite."

Grote went away very angry; she is always wanting to do more work, that she may receive more wages; but I have so little money, and always remember my mother's words.

The soup was very good, but when I asked

my dear mother if she would not taste it, and she, glancing upward and folding her wasted hands across her breast, said, "I, child? I?" My heart felt as if it must break, and I wept aloud. She sighed, but she was very patient, and gently said: "Do not weep, dear; it is better for a sick person not to eat. Go, my darling, and eat it yourself; I hope you will enjoy it."

I went out very sadly, and spread a little table in the sitting-room, as my mother, at the commencement of her illness, had commanded me. There accidentally stood another chair opposite to my seat at the table, and as I sat down, and was about helping myself, our cat, which had slipped into the room, sprang upon the empty chair, and looked at me most expressively with her great green eyes. I was forced to laugh, but as I helped myself, she licked her chaps and began to mew. I went and brought her a soup-plate, filled it for her, taking care to pour in some cold water lest she should burn herself, and prepared all that she might eat at the table with me. I placed the soup before her, and she behaved herself very properly; she

laid both her fore-paws on the table, stretched out her neck, and ate and drank as nicely as possible. We both ate together, but I laughed so that the tears rolled down my cheeks into the soup. The cat, which neither laughed nor cried, ate much quicker than I, and when all was gone, I found that I was still hungry, and felt that I had had plenty of assistance in disposing of my dinner. But no matter for that!

Soon after, a wagon laden with sand stopped at the door, and the driver knocked. "I have brought the sand," said he.

"What sand?"

"The sand that Grote ordered; she said she must have sand for the kitchen."

I felt quite disheartened. Why had not Grote consulted me? When the man had carried in the last pailful, he said quite roughly: "I must now beg you for a shilling." I ran to bring the money, but my hands trembled a little as I drew out the purse. A shilling for sand! And I could not complain to my mother! When I asked Grote about it, she said, harshly: "Of course I must have sand, but why should I consult you? You are a

child, and know nothing about the pleasure of keeping things in order. You must now give me another shilling to buy a broom and a scrub-brush, for I want both. We must also have salt, and —"

I ran to get her the shilling; but in vain, thought I, for her wants seem endless. How forlorn I felt without my mother to apply to!

I asked the Doctor this morning what was the name of my mother's malady? He rose to his full height, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, and finally said: "Will you be any wiser if I tell you?"

I felt so anxious that, although I trembled, I answered quite steadily, "Yes."

He laughed and replied: "Little woman, your mother is very ill, but I believe with God's aid she will be preserved to you, and I certainly will do all I can for her. Her malady is —" And then he repeated a number of learned names, Greek or Latin, I know not which.

"Well, now I have told you the name of your mother's illness, are you satisfied?"

"No."

He laughed heartily, and said as he left the room: "Pray to God, trust me, nurse mother well, and take as good care of yourself as you can."

The Doctor did not come to-day until very late. I felt very sad, and feared he would not come at all. In the evening I went into the kitchen to make the barley-water which I always keep in readiness for my mother, lest she should be thirsty during the night. I felt very lonely in the kitchen, and as the kettle began to sing over the fire, I too commenced singing, but soon stopped, for I thought, "How can you sing when your mother is ill?"

As I was about lifting the pot from the fire, the handle was so hot, and I was so stupid, that I let it fall; the whole contents poured out among the ashes, which flew high on all sides, and smelt horribly. While I was still standing, stupid and confused, I heard the Doctor, and ran to meet him. He examined me from top to toe, and could not avoid seeing my soiled apron and my confusion. I do not know what it was, perhaps his great eyes, but when he asked me, "What is the matter

here?" I began to cry. He repeated his usual, "Hm, hm," and then asked again, "What is the matter?"

I have so much respect for him that I replied by telling him the whole story; otherwise, I should have answered nothing. I ended by saying, "And the fire is put out, and I have no more barley in the house."

He laughed good-naturedly. "Come, then, we will soon rekindle the fire."

The Doctor was very skilful, and the fire soon blazed more brightly than before. He then drew a large coin from his pocket and said: "Run and get some barley; there is a store only three or four doors from here. But bring me no small change; I hate to have little pieces of money dancing about in my pockets."

I ran to the store, but I had thought neither of plate nor bowl, and the woman who stood behind the counter, after weighing the barley, poured it into my apron (which she told me to hold tight) as if that were the usual way. She was more prudent than I. When I returned, the water was boiling, and I poured

the barley into the pot. I then went into the sitting-room, where I wrapped the change I had received in a piece of paper, and as the Doctor was going out, I placed it in his hand, saying, "Now they cannot dance about." He gave me a keen look; how I wish his eyes were not so large! But he took the paper, and I thanked him again.

To-day, I know not how it occurred to me, but I longed to have a little play. My mother was better, and the desire probably arose from a lightened heart. I could not drive away the idea, and I finally ran into the kitchen, where I took a bowl of sand, poured it on the floor, and made all sorts of figures with it, just as if I had been a little child. I enjoyed myself exceedingly, and in my eager desire to improve my figures as much as possible, I forgot to give my mother her medicine. I heard her move, and the sound recalled my wandering thoughts.

"What is the hour?" asked she in a low tone. I was obliged to tell the truth, when my mother said, "Did you entirely forget me?"

I thought: "Yes indeed, I forgot! And why? Because I was playing with the sand."

I now see that, when there is sorrow in the house, one should be cheerful, but not merry. I gathered the sand together and put it away.

Dear Aunt, I hardly venture to say so, but our money is rapidly diminishing; I soon shall have no more. What can I do? I know I must not ask mother about it, and can think of no way of adding to our store. I feel so forlorn and forsaken!

Just as I was writing this, dear Aunt, I remembered what my mother had said to me. I have already written it to you; do you recollect? I prayed, but like one who is in trouble, for, you see, one then prays very differently from one's every-day prayers. When I had prayed, I felt much more cheerful, and thought of the parable of the loaves and fishes. I know the Lord can help, and what need I to know more!

It has been a long time since I have tasted veal soup; I now live upon milk and potatoes, of which we still have a supply. I pay Grote her wages regularly; but I know not how it is,

she always makes such a strange face, looks at the money as if she had never seen such before, and counts it over three or four times. O, what shall I, poor child, do, when I must say, "Grote, I have no wages for you"? I think I will then creep into the nearest mouse-hole. What eyes she will make! But I must not think of that.

My mother begins to recover. What sinful thoughts one sometimes has! I hope they may be forgiven; but I often think it would be better for her to remain a little ill, just a very little, so that she might ask no questions, and not trouble herself about anything, for what will become of her when she knows that I have no more money? What will become of her? If my mother has anything to trouble her, she will surely die. Otherwise, I should feel so glad if her health were soon to return; for I am often tired, — not tired as one is in the evening, after a long day's work or play, but in an entirely different way, — I do not know exactly how.

All my favorite schoolmates have gone away, but two little girls of my acquaintance

called to see me to-day. I asked them into the kitchen. They brought me a basketful of beautiful apricots, and were so cordial and sympathetic that I felt both glad and sorry. They kissed me as they went out, and I clung close to them, while the thought passed through my mind, "Ah! they are going away, and you will again be alone." But the last word made me start: alone? Have I not my mother? Ah! if she were to die, then indeed would I be alone.

I picked out the finest apricots and laid them on a plate, covered with vine-leaves, for the Doctor. Three I gave to Grote, and that was a real pleasure! She comes every morning to my mother's bedside, but the latter has hitherto merely nodded her thanks without speaking. This morning she said, "Grote, does the child eat her dinner every day?" I gave Grote an imploring look, and after a pause she said, "Yes." My mother looked at me, and smiled like an angel. I do not know what would have happened had it not been for the apricots!

The boys trouble me no longer, and I can

sit at the window in peace. Once, when they were behaving very badly, some of the neighbors came to their doors with sticks in their hands, and cried out: "Will you let the child alone? How can you disturb the poor sick woman? Must we send for the police?"

They all ran away, and since then I have had entire peace. The good neighbors! I must one day ask my mother if I had not better go and thank them.

I often fancy myself like Robinson Crusoe, for I am forced, as he was, to rely entirely upon my own aid and counsel. He too wanted many things, but he had no need of money; that was really very fortunate, and he was therein happier than I. He had no wages to pay. He would probably have been willing to endure some sacrifice for the sake of having a human being with him, but I do not know what he would have thought of Grote. I think I would rather be alone than have her with me on a desert island. I must pay out to-day my last money, but I try not to fret.

The Doctor wrote a prescription to-day in

the sitting-room; I stood near, as usual, with the scissors. When he had carefully read over what he had written, he asked, "And how goes it?"

I replied, "Well, but I have no more money."

The Doctor's face assumed a strange expression. He drew me toward him. I fell on his breast, and he said nothing, but it seemed to me as if something wet fell upon my hair; I thought it must be tears. After a pause, he said, "I will bring you some money to-morrow, but that must be a secret between us two and God."

So saying he gently pushed me aside. I wept long, but softly; did I do wrong? O what can I do? I have not a penny in the world! I wept, and yet I thought, "You will have money to-morrow," and I felt rejoiced. Can I indeed be very thoughtless? I rejoiced, and yet the money I was to receive was by no means mine.

One thing, dear Aunt, I forgot to mention; there is a woman in our town who keeps a yarn and stocking store. She often brought my mother yarn, which the latter knit into

stockings, and then sold. I thought I might do likewise; I got out the yarn and the stocking, counted all the stitches, wrote down the numbers, and then began to knit. I succeeded so well that I have nearly finished two pair.

I told mother to-day that I had already written many pages to you, and asked if I had not better send you a portion of my journal. She replied: "No, my dear, wait until I am entirely restored, when I will myself add a few lines. If Aunty had felt uneasy about us, she would have written to inquire."

The Doctor came to-day earlier than usual; my heart beat so fast that I could not say good morning. I could do nothing but nod. He laid a roll of money on the table, placed his finger on his lips, and then, raising it with a warning gesture, went to my mother's bedside, where he remained an unusually long time. When he returned, I happened to be standing in the middle of the room; he knit his bushy eyebrows, and said, gruffly, "Get out of my way!"

I sprang to one side, and looked after him in real dismay; I even felt angry. Why need

he be so unfriendly? There was plenty of room to pass; I did not occupy the whole vacant space. While I was thus indignantly reflecting upon the Doctor's conduct, an inner voice said to me, "He only wished to avoid your thanks." I covered my face with my hands, and wept bitterly. O how can any one be so unjust and ungrateful!

My mother called me, and I hastily wiped my eyes; she looked at me attentively, and said, "Why have you been weeping, Anna?"

"The Doctor told me to get out of his way, and would not say good by to me; at first I was angry with him, but when I considered, I was angry with myself, and so I wept."

"Those were good tears," replied my mother. "Weep only for your own proud heart; such are the germs which may hereafter grow into luxuriant weeds. How could such a little girl as you are, such a tiny little creature, suppose she had any claim to the notice of such a man as the Doctor, so serious and with so many and such important occupations? That would really be too foolish!"

"Mamma, I love the Doctor so dearly, and that is why I felt angered."

"O no, my dear! love is never angry, love is never jealous, and seeketh not its own; it was not love that made you feel hurt, it was pride, and I hope your penitence and tears have already effaced the fault. Tell me, child, have you any money left?"

I felt so happy that I could answer, "Yes." My mother folded her hands, and said: "God be praised! It all seems to me like a dream; I cannot remember recent events, not even how much money I gave you. You must tell me when it is all gone."

"Yes, yes, certainly."

"My little Anna, you must make me some veal soup to-morrow, the Doctor has ordered it; tell Grote this evening to get all you want."

O how glad I felt. I could scarcely help jumping for joy.

The Doctor had brought me twenty dollars; the amount was written on the roll, and it was all in small change. I carefully counted out the rent and the wages, put a small sum in the house purse, and locked up the remainder.

Yesterday, I felt very much ashamed of myself. When I gave Grote her pay, she laid it as usual on the palm of her hand, counted it, and looked at it until I felt quite provoked, and hastily said, "The money is all right."

"Yes, child, rightly counted, but for all that, not right."

"Not right?" Did she want more? I looked at her inquiringly.

"No, I have all along been wanting to ask you if you could do without it. Your mother is sick, and you are strangers here; I would rather you would keep your money until your mother is well. You can then give it to me, Miss Anna."

I was astounded; after all, Robinson Crusoe would have been willing to have had Grote on the island with him. I told her very kindly that I had money enough, and begged her to take it.

She observed my astonishment and said: "So is the world, I know it well; if one is not always smearing people's and children's beards with honey, one must be one's self a bear."

Smear honey on one's beard! I was forced

to laugh, and yet I did not like the expression. I had much to think about. The Doctor, my dear Doctor, told me to get out of the way, as if I had been a little dog, and Grote, who always seemed to me like a great mastiff, was so kind and thoughtful; both meant well with me!

My mother enjoyed the soup exceedingly. She caressed me and said, "Good little daughter!"

O how fortunate it is that I have holiday!

My mother asked me to-day, "How long can you still remain with me?"

"Five days; but you will let me stay longer, will you not? I will only tell the Doctor that I have not much more time."

My mother smiled, but said nothing.

When the Doctor came, I told him that school would soon begin again, and that I would be expected back in five days.

"That means, I suppose, that I must make haste and finish my cure!"

I nodded, and he replied, laughing: "Ah yes! if I could only enter into such an engagement! But I hope that in eight or nine days

you can return to school without any misgivings."

"But, Doctor, how can I manage it that you may soon have your money again? I have nothing but one ducat, given me by my grandfather, and mother keeps that."

He scratched the paper with his pen, and, without looking up, said: "It is quite proper for you to think of that; but suppose I give you the money."

"O no, I will not have that."

"Not?" said he, laughing. "That is another thing; and why not?"

"Because I asked for the money; if you had given it to me of your own free will, I would accept it as a gift."

He continued to scratch away. "You see now how we men are. We seldom think of giving; we must first see tears and sad faces, then we must be reminded of the wants of our neighbor, have our sluggish sympathies aroused, and finally we give."

I said nothing, for I knew not what reply to make. The Doctor still kept his eyes fixed upon the paper, on which he had never ceased

to scribble. He asked again: "Then you will not take my gift?"

"No, but I thank you no less deeply."

He suddenly looked up, but his glance was so mild and gentle that I thought, "What has he done with his eyes?"

He paused a moment, and then said: "Anna, I reproach myself that I have gone in and out here merely as a Doctor; that I left the man at home; that I saw, and yet paid no regard to what I saw. You are quite right; I must agree to your rejection of my gift, although you have as yet no means of repayment. We will think of that hereafter, and you can allow yourself two years to make your arrangements."

"May I do so?"

"Certainly, and now farewell. When two years are past, we will then speak of this matter again. Until then, not a word of money affairs; I cannot abide them, and have plenty to do without wasting my time upon them."

The Doctor then took leave. He certainly thinks that in two years I will have forgotten all about the money, but he is mistaken. My

mother and I can soon lay it together, for when the Doctor has ceased his visits, I must of course tell her. In a few days she will receive the usual quarterly payment of her pension; I will then lay aside all that is left of the Doctor's money, adding to it my ducat, for now it only lies idle in the desk, and is of no use to any one. I must pay the apothecary's bill to-morrow, even if I have to use the Doctor's money, for when Grote took the prescription yesterday, the apothecary said: "This account grows larger and larger; who is to pay it in the end?"

Grote replied: "O, they are very honest people."

It went to my heart when she told me; of course she meant well, but it was nevertheless hard to bear; for if I had not the Doctor's money, what would I have to pay with? I wept bitterly. Ah! how many would willingly pay, if they only had the means!

I sat a long time to-day, knitting at my mother's bedside; she had much to say to me. "Your holidays are nearly over, dear child, and you have had no amusement. Many

perhaps might pity you, but I cannot. I have been too ill, too fearfully ill; I have always said, and must still continue to say, that one who has health and a crust of bread is happy in comparison with a poor invalid. Happy, said I? A sick person not only suffers pain and every annoyance, but he also robs others of their time, rest, and pleasure, and this thought, which presents itself as soon as the patient is able to think at all, is the more bitter, because he can in no way alter the fact. No, little daughter, you and I will think you no subject of compassion, but I will love you still more dearly than before for all the affection, good sense, and faithfulness you have displayed. Now, however, that I am better, you must every day play a little in the garden."

I was very much pleased, and said: "Mamma, may I bring pussy in to see how well you are?"

My mother nodded, and I ran after the cat. I found her under the steps, and whether she would or no, Mistress Mouse-catcher must come with me and pay a visit. I was proba-

bly too rough, for she seemed frightened, and wanted to scratch me, which kind attempt I repaid by a friendly box on the ear. My mother finally said: "Ah, child! I am still too weak to enter into your plays; you had better go into the garden."

How I ran and jumped! Round and round, up and down, without thinking of anything but the mere pleasure of motion. When I ceased, I was so tired that I could scarcely stand, and when I returned to the room and attempted to knit, I fell fast asleep. I do not know what is the matter with my limbs, but they refuse to serve me as formerly.

To-day, I know not exactly how it happened, I felt constrained to tell my mother about the Doctor's money. In the evening he brought her a flask of wine and some oranges. My heart felt very tender, and I told all. My mother lay quite still; she looked up to the ceiling, but I know not what she thought.

After a pause she said: "The Doctor is very good, but, as you said, we must repay the money. That done, our real thanks begin. To repay the money, is a duty; to tender

the warmest gratitude for its use, is a matter of feeling and honor. He who refunds a loan is by no means relieved from the obligation of gratitude, and any one who could feel so can have neither heart nor conscience. I may perhaps be able to knit a little myself to-morrow.

"No, no, you must not do that. I will be industrious enough for us both. We will use my ducat, mother; you remember grandfather said to me, in jest, 'There, you have a needpenny,' — and now we are in need. May I bring it here and look at it?"

As I brought it to the bedside, I said: "Dear mother, we will take it, will we not? With God's and grandfather's blessing upon our labors, we will soon be able to raise the sum required."

My mother nodded, and I was so glad! Mr. Gold-fox must now go upon his travels.

Dear Aunt, I remain your most obedient servant, and must now end this letter, as I soon return to school. My dearest mother has left her bed, and sometimes walks, with considerable effort, it is true, into the sitting-room. I feel so happy! When the Doctor

came to-day, I sprang to meet him, and said: "My mother is sitting in the arm-chair; I am going to school to-morrow, and I thank you heartily."

He said nothing, but went to my mother. Said nothing! — I know I ought not to be proud, but the Doctor — I will try to conquer myself, and love him as dearly as ever; that will be the best way for me.

I only wait for mother's few lines, and then we will send you this long epistle.

ANNA.

JULIAN'S EXPERIENCES.

JULIAN'S EXPERIENCES.

JULIAN lost his father before he was six years old. His mother was left a widow, with a small pension, which sufficed, with economy, to maintain her in the little house she had selected in the pretty village of H——. The house belonged to an old lady who was very willing to receive the young widow under her roof, and increase her own resources by letting, for a moderate sum, her most pleasant apartments, with the use of the kitchen and garden. She was also very kind to the boy, but expressed herself quite seriously to the mother, saying: —

"You are still young, and, being alone in the world, may perhaps seek consolation in spoiling the boy; that would be a real sin!

There is no need to call in the rod to your assistance; earnestness, firmness, mildness, and unvarying uprightness, are your best aids. Teach him to believe in God, to fear God, to be just, truthful, and modest, — the rest will come of itself."

The poor mother gently replied, "I will try."

The village pastor was very kind to Julian and his mother; he had no children, but he offered to conduct the boy's education, which laborious task he fulfilled with the most unwearying patience. Julian did not learn very rapidly, but he supplied this want by industry and attention. After the first difficulties were overcome, he made rapid strides, and thus earned the love of his kind teacher.

His mother watched over him with the tenderest love, and, following the good advice of her aged friend, taught him to be thoughtful, modest, and humble. She did not say to him, "You must be thus because you are poor, and because you are to occupy a subordinate position in the world," but simply instructed him in the precepts and example of

the great Founder of Christianity, who never ceased to preach love and humility.

Four years passed quietly, but happily, over the boy's head. He had developed both in body and in spirit; he was not remarkably handsome, but attractive; not extraordinarily gifted, but well instructed for his age. He found relaxation in attending to the garden, which he aided in cultivating, in playing with his young companions, and in taking care of the chickens and a few doves. Of his behavior no one could complain; he failed now and then, as children will do; but every one was forced to allow that he was a very good boy.

A large and handsome property near the village, which had long remained unoccupied, was, during the course of these four years, once more tenanted by its owner. Mr. Von Eisenthal brought with him his wife and a young nephew, whom they had adopted since the loss of their own promising son.

Conrad and Julian, who were nearly the same age, soon became acquainted. Julian had until now felt no want, but Conrad was

rejoiced to find at least one well-brought-up, cleanly and neatly dressed boy in the village. We may well doubt whether, had he been his own master, he would have been so choice in his selection; but he knew he would not be permitted to play with the ordinary village children, and hence Julian was a priceless treasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Von Eisenthal heard through their nephew, as well as through the pastor, of Julian's good qualities, and he was one day invited to dine at the castle. Julian's face crimsoned with joy; the old lady shook her head, and the mother thoughtfully gazed upon the ground.

The boy put on his clothes, washing and combing with unusual care. His mother, on principle, gave him no instructions. She thought: "I have daily taught him modesty and good manners. If I must now tell him to behave properly, to bow to every one, not to eat too much, etc., of what use have my instructions been? They were surely not given in vain."

When the boy came to take leave of her, words of warning trembled on her lips; but

she overcame herself, and said nothing. However, as she kissed him, she looked deeply into his good, true-hearted eyes.

He understood her, and said: "Mother, you have no cause to be uneasy. I will behave very well; you have already taught me all that is necessary."

The mother again wavered, and then hastily said: "Julian, can you make a proper bow? It has been so long since I have seen you try. Come in at the door, and then bow, as if there were strangers here."

The first bow was severely censured: "Child, you have entirely forgotten! Try again."

The second bow met with no better success.

"Indeed, mother, I had not space enough."

"Dear child, how much space then do you need? Quick, try again!"

After several additional attempts, time pressed, and he was obliged to go.

Julian was kindly received, but little noticed; only Mrs. Von Eisenthal quietly observed him. The good pastor had also been invited to the dinner, and neglected no opportunity of praising his pupil and favorite, who

on his side behaved very modestly, but without embarrassment.

In the evening Mr. Von Eisenthal laughingly said: "The pastor is quite bewitched with that boy, Julian." Mrs. Von Eisenthal assented: "He of course knows him well, and prizes him accordingly. I am astonished that a child born in such humble circumstances should possess so much tact, such good manners, and such a modest self-possession; I wish Conrad were more like him."

The end of this conversation was an expressed desire on both sides that Julian should participate in Conrad's study hours. The pastor was intrusted with the execution of this project.

The proposition was duly laid before the widow, and accepted, to the great distress of the old lady, who thought it in many ways objectionable.

The mother and son had a long conversation together before Julian began his new school; both shed tears during its continuance, and when it was ended, Julian went to the castle, where he was introduced to Mr. Kraus, Conrad's tutor.

Mr. Kraus had shortly before been a student, and received Julian in a very careless and unconstrained manner. The latter gazed on his tutor in amazement, for he had never before seen a man of the more educated class so carelessly attired. The young tutor wore a dressing-gown, no cravat, and no vest, his shoes were down at heel, and he was not yet shaved for the day.

Mr. Kraus divined the boy's thoughts, and seemed highly amused.

"Look at everything," said he, — "the room, the furniture, me, — are you satisfied? Good! But you see one thing has been forgotten, — this ruler, which, in case you are not attentive, you will rather feel than see!"

Julian blushed, his proud young heart swelled at the thought that any one had a right to strike him, who had as yet never received a blow. He stifled the tears which sprang to his eyes, and, as the lesson was about to begin, sat down at once. The subject under consideration was geography; books and maps lay on the table. Conrad was to answer Mr. Kraus's questions, while Julian found the cit-

ies, rivers, and mountains named, upon the map.

The examination which now followed was quite surprising in its consequences. Conrad knew nothing, and what he thought he knew was all distorted. He named Livorno as the capital of Livonia, and afterwards informed Julian that he had been misled by the similarity of sound, and that, besides, such names were mere accident; the city might as well have been called that as anything else. Mr. Kraus, however, took Conrad's mistakes by no means philosophically; he scolded, threatened, stormed, and kept the ruler continually dancing over Conrad's head. Julian felt uneasy and depressed, but tried to keep as cool and quiet as possible. It now came his turn to be questioned; his firm, undoubting answers restored the broken peace; at least in a measure, for every now and then Mr. Kraus would cry out to Conrad: "Do you see now that one can, shall, and must know all that, you blockhead?"

The daily ordering of a little village household was so different from the life at the cas-

tle, that, in order to benefit by all the lessons, Julian could not return to his mother until evening. He then had his exercises to write, and his lessons to learn. He often said: "O mother, if I could only live quietly with you as before! I scarcely see or hear you at all now; but do not be sad; when I have learned a great deal, I can earn money, and then we will live together."

Julian might have returned home somewhat earlier, but Conrad always wanted to play after the lessons were over, and could not spare his companion. Julian scarcely thought that Conrad loved him; he had lived so much alone that his reflective powers had been considerably developed. His mother always talked with him very frankly concerning all the relations of life, and he often said to himself: "Conrad might perhaps love me if our stations were equal; he cannot forget his more advantageous position; he fancies it gives him a right to command me, and deems it entirely superfluous to show me kindness or affection."

This reflection, however, never embittered

his feelings; his mother had told him that such was the way of the world, that nearly every one experienced the same thing, and why should he be an exception? The two boys were very unlike, but Julian's amiability aided in smoothing over the various inequalities. He found that he, on his side, had need of making some reparation to Conrad, for it had become usual in the castle continually to blame the one and praise the other.

Mr. Kraus lauded Julian's industry, love of order, and propriety of behavior; a favorable judgment was thus formed of him, and Mrs. Von Eisenthal soon began, not merely to endure the boy, but even to love him. He was the pet of the whole house, and appeared not as the neglected child of a poor mother of the middle class, but as the favored and darling son of the family.

This preference was accorded to those very qualities of which Conrad was destitute, and which his guardians still hoped he would acquire, — the sooner that they did not seek to hide their displeasure and disappointment. Conrad felt injured and angered, but he could

not give up Julian as a playmate, and thus remained externally his friend, though in a somewhat lordly manner. The good advice which Julian gave him, the motives he laid before him in a vain endeavor to persuade him to greater industry, were utterly fruitless; Conrad either laughed, or forbade the mention of such subjects in no friendly tones. He however suffered Julian to aid him, to help and serve whenever there was occasion.

Mr. Kraus, who was naturally hasty and impatient, only found one thing to blame in Julian's recitations; namely, that his answers, although sure and clear, were not given with sufficient alacrity. "Go on! go on!" would he often cry, quite out of breath with impatience, when the boy hesitated a moment, and stopped to think; but Julian's gentleness and unvarying politeness soon disarmed this stormy haste.

Thus passed four years. Julian still held the place which his honorable behavior, and the estimation of his new friends, had awarded him. Conrad also occupied the same relative position. He had understood nothing,

and learned nothing; his progress was mainly of the negative kind, consisting chiefly in abstaining from doing anything very bad. Julian, who shared with him all that was pleasant, strove to save him as much as possible from all that was disagreeable, for he truly loved him, from the depths of his pure young heart, and felt with real pain that Conrad never had a loving word or a kind caress to bestow upon him. He had no other friend, and had formed such a different idea of friendship! "If this is love," he often thought, "it looks very much like indifference; I could not love so."

After the lapse of the above-mentioned time, just at the beginning of the school vacation, news came that three young schoolboys, whom Conrad had formerly known in the city, intended to pass their holidays in the country, at Mr. Von Eisenthal's. The proposition was joyfully greeted by all parties. Conrad counted the days until his friends should arrive; but, however little exacting Julian might be, he could not help observing that the former, in dwelling upon his anticipated pleasures, spoke

only of himself, and seemed to have entirely forgotten that Julian was to have any part in them.

The great day finally came; three handsome, lively lads, of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years of age, presented themselves. After having politely and satisfactorily replied to all the questions asked them by Mr. and Mrs. Von Eisenthal, they seemed somewhat uneasy, and soon fell back to where Conrad was standing. They began to whisper, and were evidently asking who Julian was. The whole four soon left the room together. Julian stood a moment undecided, and then followed Conrad to his chamber, where he found them all eagerly conversing.

As Julian entered, however, the conversation suddenly ceased. A long pause ensued, which was broken by Cuno, the eldest boy, saying: "Come, Conrad, let us go down into the garden."

Julian hesitatingly accompanied them; but when he observed that no one spoke to him, or noticed his presence in any way, he said:

"I am going home, Conrad; at what hour do you wish me to return to-morrow?"

"O, you need not be in any hurry; we have no lessons now; come when you like. Good evening."

As Julian left the house he met Mrs. Von Eisenthal, who gave him a most cordial greeting, and said: "Are you going so early? You must not think, dear child, that you are in the way; on the contrary, we are all delighted to see you. Come as usual."

She gave him her hand, which he reverently kissed, and he felt in the depths of his soul, that he would willingly sacrifice his life for this kind lady.

During that evening and the next morning Julian was much more quiet and thoughtful than usual, and when, several hours later than the accustomed time, he took leave of his mother, she said to him: "My good Julian, you are about to make a new experience; give it a calm and reasonable consideration before you permit it really and painfully to affect your heart. Conrad and you have long played and studied together; you have afford-

ed him amusement, because there was no one else, and he in his turn has given you pleasure. He is now visited by older friends; they come from the city, and have seen, heard, and done many things entirely unknown to you; Conrad will think only of the short time they are to remain with him, and will probably forget you. I wish you could bring yourself to regard such a proceeding as very natural, and bear it without repining; your time will come again."

The boy fastened his ingenuous eyes upon his mother's face, and replied: "I cannot regard it as natural, mother; I will bear it, but when my time comes again, it will give me no pleasure. They are welcome to all Conrad's time; all I ask is an occasional friendly word or look, and if I receive them —"

Julian ceased, kissed his mother, and went to the castle with that uneasy feeling we all have when we visit persons whose cordial reception of us we have reason to doubt.

This time, however, he was greeted with great delight; he was needed for a game which required a fifth man; even several

more would have been acceptable. He enjoyed the game exceedingly, and forgot all his cares.

After the game had lasted some time, it was proposed to play war. Julian agreed with all his heart; the others exchanged glances.

"Which will you be, Julian, general or sutler?"

The question surprised him, and he replied: "I would prefer that you should all choose for yourselves; I am quite indifferent what office I hold."

"Well, then, you shall be general,—yes, yes, Julian is our general."

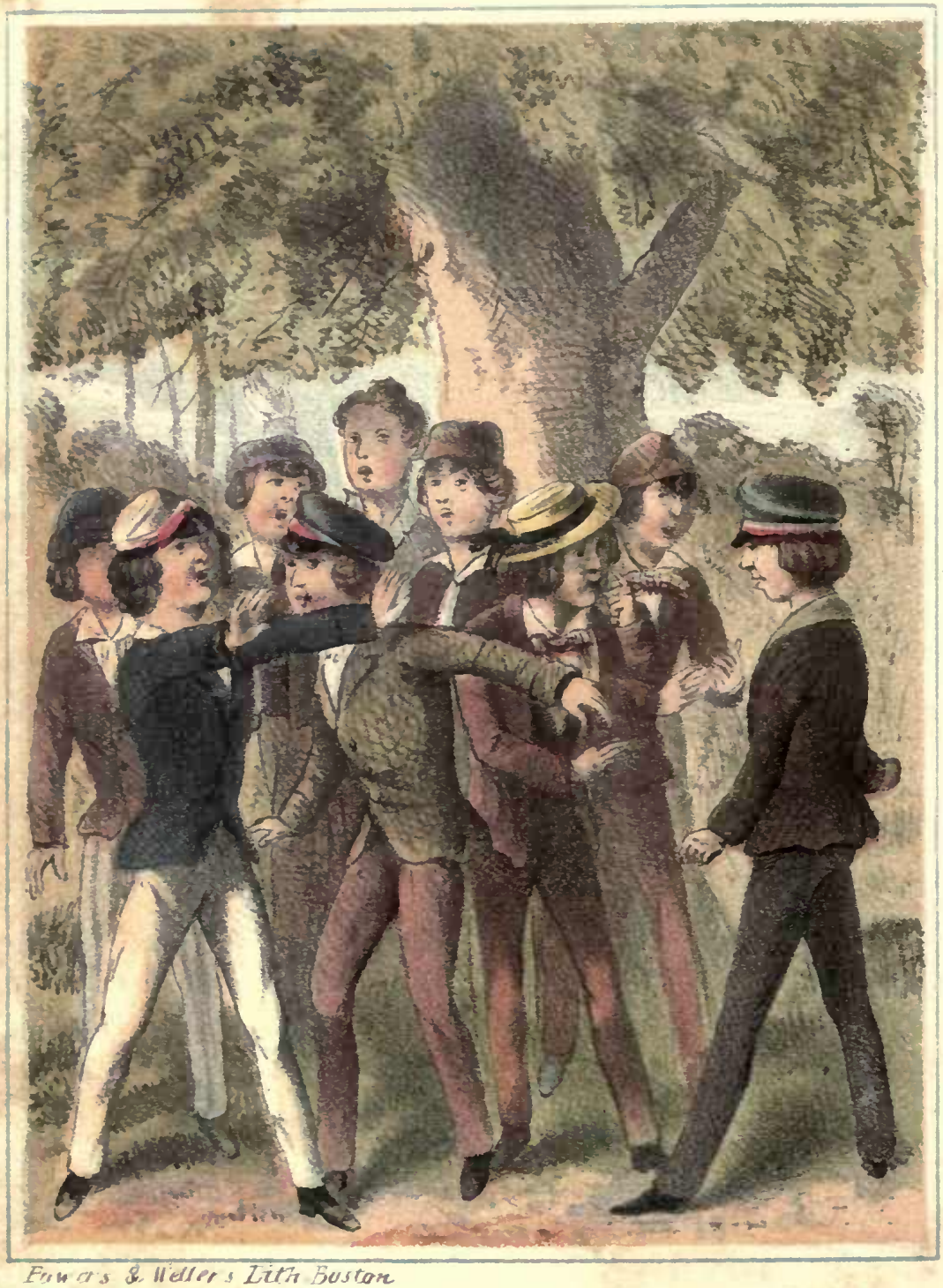
All laughed, he knew not why.

"Where shall we play?" asked he.

"Yes, that is the question," said Cuno; "you will soon see; I am the sutler, and hold also an important position; I will go before, and point out the way."

The said way led to a high fence, surrounding the south side of a remote stone barn, on whose wall were trained several fine peach and apricot trees. The troop halted.

"Now," said Cuno, "lead on, master general!"



Fowers & Weller's Lith Boston

JULIAN'S PROTEST.

In decisive moments Julian knew how to be decided.

"Does that mean," asked he, "that you intend to pick the fruit?"

"Yes, dear child, just so."

"Then you must go alone; I can neither lead you nor follow you."

"Ah!" said Conrad, "you do not know him; he is out and out a stupid little muff!"

Julian was silent.

"We will climb over," said Curd, the youngest of the boys, "and you must go with us, for if any one were to see you here, he would guess at once where we were."

"I will go away."

"That helps nothing; some one might meet you, and ask you what had become of us; only come with us; you might do that much for us."

Julian hesitated; what should he do? He did not wish to betray his companions, and found himself caught in a net from which he could see no escape. He tried to remonstrate, but he was only laughed at. Sad at heart, but active in body, he finally clambered over with the rest.

The finest fruit was hastily picked and eaten. Julian refused to touch a single morsel, although they held the glowing temptation close to his lips. Cuno filled his pockets full.

"You see, my son, I am the sutler, and must prepare for want in time of plenty."

The return was effected without discovery. When they stood on the other side of the fence, Cuno said to Julian: "Will you now run home and tell your mother?"

Julian was silent, but his cheeks burned with suppressed indignation.

During the dinner hour, the boys were very talkative, and Conrad much more so than usual. Mr. and Mrs. Von Eisenthal were very glad to observe this, and their satisfaction increased the general hilarity. Julian laughed with the rest, but said nothing, and drew no attention upon himself. When the dessert came, consisting of fine fruit, and the kind hostess pressed all to help themselves plentifully, Julian blushed, and his heart swelled with shame and mortification, as if he had been one of the culprits.

In the evening, Julian related the whole occurrence to his mother, for he needed her advice, and asked her whether he had done wrong in climbing the fence with the others. She blamed his conduct, and said: "Always hold fast to the simple idea of right and wrong; you can then never go astray; you can then have no doubts, and no persuasion can mislead you."

Julian's position became more and more uncomfortable; there were many boyish arts of which he was entirely ignorant, and although the plays in themselves were innocent enough, yet they required qualities and practice which he did not possess. Cuno once said to him, in the most ridiculously pathetic manner: "What, Julian! Already an old uncle before you have fairly worn out your baby-shoes!"

From that moment he was called nothing but Uncle Julian. Otho, the third boy, once said to him: "Julian, you are too good for this world; if you were to fall among a gang of wicked men, they would do what they liked with you, and you could not help yourself."

Julian gave him a keen but quiet glance, and said: "I bear what I *choose*, but when I no longer choose, then it must cease; you may yet learn the truth of this."

One way of teasing poor Julian nearly to despair was by continually repeating, "Don't tell your mother!"

He was usually silent, but once he replied: "I beg you not to say that again; do nothing wrong, and then I shall have nothing to tell."

One day when the whole four were bent on annoying him by a constant repetition of the same phrase, he said with flashing eyes: "Not another word! I will bear it no longer; you may tease me, if you have so little feeling as to wish to torment me, but you shall not mention my mother's name; I tell you this for the last time."

"And if we still continue to do it, dear Uncle," said Cuno, "we ought to know the consequences."

Julian gave him a quiet look. "The consequence will be that I will go home and return no more to the castle."

All laughed, and Conrad said: "But if my uncle commands you to come?"

"I will come to him at once, but not to remain; I will endure no abuse."

Cuno had sense enough to see that the termination of the affair might be to the disadvantage of his party. So, taking a fatherly tone, he said: "Children, if Uncle once for all will not endure it, we must humor him and quit; all aged persons have their peculiarities."

The four weeks of the vacation seemed to Julian like so many months. He often found much pleasure in playing with the others, and in taking long walks when they did not tease him; but whenever they allowed themselves forbidden enjoyments, all became distasteful to him, and he would have much preferred remaining quietly at home, working in his garden, feeding his pets, and walking alone. When he saw how the boys went arm in arm, flung their arms around each other's necks, and whispered confidentially together, he felt deeply pained that there were none to fling their arms around him, and his eyes filled with tears. He seemed so solitary and forsaken!

Julian sometimes begged permission to spend

the day with his mother; but even this pleasure was not without alloy. The good old lady with whom they lived, and who loved the boy dearly, spared no pains on such days to show her skill in housekeeping. She cooked his favorite dishes, and arranged all in the best manner possible; but, so strange are the forms that even love can take, she often annoyed him with her remarks.

When a dish would appear on the table, she would say with apparent irony, "Yes, you must forget your noble dinners to-day, or you will not be able to enjoy our simple fare"; or, "Dear child, do not look round for a servant, your mother and I wait upon ourselves."

Julian would sigh deeply, but one glance upon his mother's mild and gentle countenance always sufficed to calm the rising storm. He only sighed again and thought, "Am I nowhere to find rest?"

Mrs. Von Eisenthal often talked with Cuno; once she asked him if he did not find Julian an excellent, amiable, and well brought up boy? Cuno replied in the affirmative, but did not the less let the good lady perceive

that he thought him rather tiresome. Mrs. Von Eisenthal was evidently surprised, and made no answer. When she afterwards thought over the conversation, she was forced to confess that Julian contributed very little to the general amusement and entertainment. She had never blamed this before, as she had always fancied it arose from modesty; but now she thought it a fault, and the boy accordingly lost in her estimation.

The vacation came to an end, the visitors went away, and Mr. Kraus, who had been absent, returned, but in a melancholy condition. He had arrived at the last station after nightfall, and, missing his footing, had fallen some distance, spraining his wrists, injuring one foot, and suffering more or less from various bruises.

Mr. and Mrs. Von Eisenthal received him most kindly, sent at once for a physician, and did all in their power to aid and soothe him. Conrad was not much distressed at an accident which procured him greater liberty and fewer lessons. Julian quietly sat in the sickroom, reading, writing, and silently enduring the hasty outbreaks of an impatient nature.

He constantly heard himself called "ass, booby, simpleton," but never remonstrated, and never relaxed in his affectionate care.

After Mr. Kraus had entirely recovered, he had a long conversation with Mrs. Von Eisenthal. She told him that the visit had been of great service to Conrad, for he had become more open, gayer, and more entertaining; she added, "Julian is such a good boy, it is a pity he is so tiresome!"

Mr. Kraus had listened with evident impatience to the praise bestowed upon Conrad, and was evidently much surprised at the judgment passed upon Julian. How could such an impression have arisen? In one sense, there might be some truth in the remark; but he who knew so well the extent of the boy's intelligence, the depth and truth of his feelings, the purity of his heart, and the equality of his temper, felt really vexed at the expression of such an opinion. He praised Julian without measure, and not being able to repress sundry unfavorable observations regarding Conrad, Mrs. Von Eisenthal at once considered him influenced by an undue partiality.

From that moment Julian's position at the castle was entirely changed; he who had been continually held up as a model, who had received such an unusual degree of attention and affection that even strangers had remarked and distinguished him accordingly, was henceforth considered merely as an industrious, amiable, and reliable, but insignificant boy, who was to be kindly treated because he deserved it. Such an extraordinary change was like a sudden frost falling upon a young plant, blighting its leaves and driving the sap to its innermost core. Julian thus became more silent than before, and hid all his thoughts and feelings within the folds of his own heart. He silently struggled through many an internal conflict; the innate nobility of his nature, and his judicious training, triumphed. He became still more observant of his benefactors' wishes, and cherished more deeply keen sentiments of gratitude towards them; but he had taken a severe lesson in the school of life, and had lost a portion of his earlier, childlike confidence.

Thus, without any remarkable occurrences,

passed the years preceding Julian's confirmation. Whenever Conrad had visitors, Julian was entirely overlooked; he even rendered this neglect of himself more easy of accomplishment, by the voluntary abandonment of his rights and position. When Mr. Kraus, and afterwards the tutor who succeeded him, remarked this, and not without censure, Julian was called a mean-spirited fellow, who would bear anything, and yet the boy never complained.

During the preparation for confirmation, the pastor, who thought himself thoroughly acquainted with Julian's character, was frequently surprised at the depth, clearness, and innocence of the boy's heart and mind. He often sent for him when he was alone; he wished to unriddle all that seemed to him mysterious, and finally induced Julian to relate the whole, simple history of his young life. During this relation, the listener's eye often fell, that he might hide his emotion, and conceal how deeply he was touched by the depth and earnestness of the heart bared before him, with all its pride and all its humility.

They finally spoke of the public school which Julian was soon to enter.

"I hope I shall find one friend," said the boy, "for I shall not please the generality, even there. My mother has probably too closely watched every emotion of my soul, and has impressed me with such fixed ideas of right and wrong, that there, as here, I neither can nor will do what is forbidden."

The pastor was silent for a moment, and then asked: "Is that meant for a reproach upon your mother's care?"

The boy threw himself into the old man's arms and burst into tears. "No, O no! but I have often been so unhappy!"

That was a truly human conception of the relations of things; the pastor understood it well. He kissed Julian, and replied: "Did you ever think that one could be good and true without self-sacrifice? My dear friend, what then have you lost? Hours of unconstrained merriment, filled with disobedience and disregard of conscience, and the applause of a few young people whose moral worth stands far below your own. Those boys

will, like you, approach the altar of the Lord, and offer him their vows; think you that, unprepared as they are, unpractised in truth and self-sacrifice, they will be able to keep them? In this world, nothing can be accomplished without earnestness and unceasing effort; you have been long tried in the paths of justice, and have nobly, though with a bleeding heart, endured the proof. At the solemn hour of your confirmation, neither doubt nor fear can seize upon you; do you call that *nothing gained*, and have you no reason to be thankful?"

Julian dried his eyes.

"Forgive me," said he; "I scarcely know how I could have said what I have, and yet I do know. There have been moments, hours even, when I felt so forsaken, so hurt and humiliated, that I have thought, Why should I not do as other boys? I felt sorry not to be as gay and thoughtless as those whose high spirits seemed to increase with their disobedience, and have almost fancied they could not be so very wrong, if they felt so happy. I thought thus, but did not suffer the tempta-

tion to overcome me; and when I had conquered myself, quiet happiness and inward satisfaction returned; my heart was full of peace, and I sincerely thanked my mother for her care."

The Pastor seized his hand. "What you have said, dear boy, is the simple expression of a youthful heart. You are right; evil sometimes appears as if it were not evil, because it is so thoughtlessly entered into, and so recklessly pursued; but it also has its serious side. I love to see children joyous, and am willing that they should play as gayly and be as loud and noisy as they please; I never interfere with them until they pass the limits of the moral law. When they overstep its bounds, and appropriate the property of others, jest at old age, abuse the weak, or commit any unworthy action, they no longer deserve any consideration. The boy who can only feel happy when he is breaking some divine law, is very much to be pitied. How thoughtlessly do the generality prepare themselves for the most solemn consecration of their lives! My sad eyes see beyond the present moment;

during the hour for instruction they dream, sleep, or play with one another, and finally they offer a vow whose seriousness they have never rightly considered, but on whose fulfilment or non-fulfilment depends their temporal and eternal welfare. Now go home, my son, and consider well whether or not you have been too carefully brought up."

The pastor again folded the boy in his arms, and Julian thoughtfully walked toward his home. Arrived there, he related all to his mother, and tearfully asked her to pardon the discouragement which had for a season burdened his soul. His heart was a mirror in which she thankfully beheld the image of God.

After their confirmation, the two boys' paths in life led them in very different directions. Conrad became a soldier, and was delighted with the uniform, the idle life, and the prospect of success without too long and wearisome a course of study. Julian's views were far more earnest. Mr. Von Eisenthal placed it within his power first to enter a public school, and afterward the University.

During the first vacation, Conrad returned home in uniform, as a cadet, and Julian as a student; the one with unsatisfactory testimonials both as to conduct and scholarship, the other with universal commendation. Conrad had invited several of his liveliest companions to visit him during the vacation, and the whole house was filled with the sound of their laughing, dancing, jumping, and hallooing. They were young people, who rather noisily enjoyed their freedom from restraint, and sympathy with their delight rendered the disturbance less annoying to the usually quiet household than it might otherwise have been.

Julian was expected to come to the castle as of old; his adoptive parents received him with the utmost kindness, but Conrad's welcome was cold and indifferent. Julian plainly saw that he had also prejudiced his comrades against him, for he was greeted with great formality, and never invited to partake in any of their amusements, except in case of necessity. He pursued his usual course in solitude and retirement, often, however, feeling sad and lonely when the young people made excur-

sions into the lovely neighborhood, from which he was carefully excluded, and when on their return they expatiated in glowing terms upon the pleasure they had experienced.

Mr. Von Eisenthal, who was not much in the habit of observing character or household affairs, one day said: "But I do not see that Julian shares in any of the lads' amusements; why is that? I hope my sir nephew does not look down upon him!"

Mrs. Von Eisenthal shrugged her shoulders, and said: "You see, my dear, the young people are just now at an age when they must select their own friends, and no remonstrances will do any good. Julian wearies them, and what I have so often repeated is still true: He is good, but tiresome, and they are too young to overlook that fault; you can readily understand such a state of affairs."

"No," replied Mr. Von Eisenthal; "I do not understand it at all. In my young days, those who had been brought up together remained friends when they grew older; no one asked how wise or entertaining another might be; if he belonged to us, that was quite

enough. All this is very silly, for if one amuses, the others are amused and laugh, so that every one gains by the association. Julian does not chatter and storm about like the rest, but he can give a good hearty laugh, and is easily amused; that is quite enough. I will tell you where the shoe pinches: he is too industrious for them, too conscientious; they do not feel comfortable where he is, and I would tell them very plainly my opinion of their conduct, if I were not fearful of increasing their self-conceit. They ought not to be allowed to think that Julian loses anything in being cut off from their society."

The first time after this conversation that the good-hearted man found himself alone with Julian, he filled the boy's hand with Louis-d'ors. "Procure some amusement for yourself, my son, for I see you find very little here; but you must do as I do for you, and think yourself too good for these silly lads, who understand well enough how to spend money, but will never know how to earn it."

Julian had already entirely resigned himself to his lot, and these words gave him more

pleasure than any childish amusement could have afforded him. Mr. Von Eisenthal drew him to his heart. "One thing I must say to you; when I am dead, love and honor your adopted mother. Conrad will give himself but little trouble concerning her welfare, and you must be grateful and affectionate. Do you hear?"

Julian's tears fell fast as he said: "O, I am so poor and so helpless, what can I do for her?"

"You can love, honor, console, and guard her, and that is much! When I determined to befriend you, I thought of no reward; but now I will have interest on the capital I have expended; I will have your love and service for my wife when I — Do not weep so, but remember my words when the time comes."

"I will! I will!" cried Julian; "I will, so long as I live!"

Mr. Von Eisenthal stroked the young lad's head with his hand, and then said solemnly: "There are certain rare but solemn moments in our lives when all becomes clear to us.

Powers & Weller's Lith. Boston

JULIAN'S PROMISE

You have been carefully brought up, you have been forced to struggle, and you have achieved the rarest victory: you have overcome yourself. Hence is it that I now address myself to you, who are still a boy, as if you were a man. Your adopted mother loves you, but she attaches great importance to certain external qualities; she will hereafter be aware of all she possesses in you, but for the present I understand you better than she does."

Julian passed his examination as a student in the most honorable manner; Conrad, after many unsuccessful attempts, was finally permitted to assume the rank of an officer. Both again met at the house of their benefactors, who were still living. Mrs. Von Eisenthal, however, had grown apparently much older. She was very deaf, and, as she never had been a very intellectual woman, she frequently asked questions which had no especial connection with the subject under discussion.

One day at table, Conrad and his young companions made signs and laughed at some

absurd mistake occasioned by the old lady's deafness. From that time forward, Julian took great pains to avoid a similar occurrence; he watched his benefactress's countenance to read her thoughts, and repeat to her what had been said, whenever he perceived she had not heard.

With regard to Conrad, he now felt perfectly free and unconstrained. He was no longer a dependent subordinate, whose position appealed to the compassion of the kind-hearted. He had acquired more self-possession, but had lost none of his modesty. The young officers treated him with respect; Conrad avoided him as much as possible; but if the young people were necessarily thrown together, Julian was always a lively and pleasant companion. He usually lived very quietly with his mother, associating chiefly with the pastor, and pursuing his studies, or making short excursions in the neighborhood. The old lady with whom his mother lived often invited him to dinner, and now without tormenting him by any unpleasant remarks. She occasionally condescended to bestow a word or so of praise upon him, and the mother

then would smile as if a queen had lauded him.

Julian was appointed to fulfil some official duty, at first without any salary; but his industry and capacity opened the way to promotion, and his noble-hearted old friend soon had the satisfaction of seeing him established in an excellent and lucrative position. Soon after this event, Mr. Von Eisenthal died, and Julian hastened to his adopted mother to console, and, if possible, serve her. He found Conrad already on the spot. As the property was entailed, the young man already viewed himself as the proprietor, and acted accordingly. He received Julian as if he were a guest, and issued commands in a manner so lordly that all the old servants were astounded. Julian, who still considered Mrs. Von Eisenthal as sole mistress, paid little regard to Conrad's airs.

The old lady's mind and health had both become more feeble, and Conrad's imperious manner, glittering uniform, and handsome appearance completely dazzled her.

"What do you say to Conrad?" would she often ask. "What would papa say, if he

were still living? Yes, yes, I always knew he would turn out a distinguished man; but do not be discouraged, dear son, you have done as well as your nature and your position would permit you."

Julian kissed his adopted mother's hand, and repressed the tears which gushed to his eyes.

"What would papa say?" repeated he, when alone. "Yes, what would he say if he could see his wife set aside, and already considered as if she were dead?"

But things, meanwhile, assumed another aspect. The will was opened. Conrad was not to take possession until after Mrs. Von Eisenthal's death, until when she was to have the whole use of the property, except an annual sum to be paid to Conrad, and small pensions to the old servants. Julian received a sufficient amount of ready money to enable him to begin housekeeping for himself whenever he should desire it.

Conrad soon left the house, and by no means in the best of humors, although his aunt had most munificently provided him with all he could need, and had assured him that

the income left him by the will would of course be doubled. When he had gone, she said to Julian: "What say you to Conrad? How well he has behaved! Of course it was not pleasant to him that you also should have been left something."

Julian endeavored to control his feelings, and gently replied: "Mamma, Conrad and I have grown up together; ought he not to rejoice at his uncle's kindness to me?"

"Yes, but Conrad will need a great deal of money; that follows as a necessary consequence of being young, well-born, handsome, and a favorite in society. He thought I might in many ways economize in my household expenses. What do you say to that?"

Julian's face flushed crimson.

"I am ready," said he, "to return the sum left to me; but if you in any way deprive yourself of your usual comforts, my dear adopted father's blessing will never rest upon this house."

Years passed, and Julian visited his home as often as possible. The aged mistress of

the cottage had died, leaving her little property to his mother, who had no wish to quit the spot where she had spent so many years. Under her roof, Julian always found a portion of that peace which the world cannot give.

Mrs. Von Eisenthal had become still weaker in every way. He sat for hours together at her side, patiently listening to her never-ending praise of Conrad. He read aloud to her; and when, leaning upon his arm, she would point out and expatiate upon all that her favorite was hereafter to possess, the poor young man would only sigh that Conrad was not more worthy of so much affection.

The gay young officer never came near his aunt. She excused him, saying, "He has no time," and always answered his letters, which never came except when he was in want of money, in accordance with his desires.

"You cannot think, Julian," she would say, "how charmingly Conrad writes; I am so thankful for his letters! If you would like to read them, I have a quite a package; he writes every three months."

Five years after Mr. Von Eisenthal's death,

Julian received intelligence that his adopted mother was dying. He hastened to her; even Conrad paid her a visit; but when the physician told him that she might still live a few weeks, he would not wait the event, but returned to his garrison.

Julian nursed the sick lady as if she had been his own tenderly loved mother. He could always calm her, and she slept quietly when he sat at her bedside, although she no longer recognized him when awake. She called him her good son, her Conrad, and her hand continually rested in his. When the solemn moment of her death came, Julian, exhausted by nursing and watching, flung himself on his knees at the bedside, and imploringly cried: "O mother, mother! call me Julian, only once! Tell me that you know me!"

Mrs. Von Eisenthal sought his hand, and when she had found it she sighed deeply and said, "My Conrad!"

She was dead; Julian still knelt at the bedside and wept bitterly. He was alone with the dead, and his heart seemed almost broken.

"No word! not one word!" said he mournfully, in a half-whisper. "O mother! and I have so truly loved you! No word, not one word more in this world, — but I have kept my promise like a truthful man. No word for me: all, all for him!"

He thought over his whole history; it had once been otherwise with him; he had formerly been the favorite; and he pondered long upon that portion of his life. That vacation had dissipated the rosy mist that love had flung around him. Then had his adopted mother first discovered that he was no glittering meteor, but merely a simple, modest boy. She had never recovered from the disappointment, and he had never regained his former place in her heart.

All seemed so cold and lonely. He sat many hours, lost in deep thought, at the side of his dear departed benefactress. He asked himself if it would have been well for him to have grown up in the sunshine of love; whether he might not have been spoiled, and have become selfish and exacting. His heart and his reason answered his questions; he again

knelt and prayed fervently. His prayer was filled with gratitude to God and to his adopted parents.

The door was suddenly thrown open, and Conrad entered. "Is mamma dead?" asked he, hastily.

"Yes; she never ceased to think of you, and your name was the last word that passed her lips."

"I can well believe that."

"I leave you now, Conrad; may I come daily until the funeral is over?"

"Of course, as often as you like."

Julian went to the castle three times every day, always taking with him a fresh bunch of flowers, which he arranged round the bed of his dead friend, until she seemed sleeping in a lovely garden.

Conrad had never entered the room since his meeting with Julian. When the last painful service had been rendered, and Julian had seen his adopted mother laid beside her husband, he walked slowly, long, and far, before he returned to his mother; and not till then did all become clear to him.

"I knew," said his mother, "how it would all be; no one can live with excellent, educated, and refined people without improvement in mind and heart. You have had this advantage; I foresaw your sufferings, but I knew that such experiences elevate and strengthen the character. Should I have allowed you to grow up in a state of nature? Should I have permitted the slumbering faculties of your soul to remain undeveloped, merely that you might suffer less through the refinement of your feelings? The love that would so decide must be a selfish and a weak affection. He who has himself suffered from the weakness or pride of others will, if his heart be in the right place, receive a lesson he will never forget, and cannot be tempted to yield himself a prey to such feelings. We have always gained something when, instead of living for ourselves alone, we have been enabled to be useful to our fellow-beings. You cannot say that you have lived and loved in vain; you have been richly rewarded. You had contracted a debt of gratitude, and were bound to repay it so far as lay in your power. You have had an op-

portunity of proving your gratitude, and of aiding those who had been so kind to you; could you ask more?"

"Mother," said Julian, "I only asked for one look of love, one single word."

His mother fixed her eyes upon his face, which she could not see for tears, and said: "My son, I have often sought with a sore and bleeding heart such a look and such a word. When they were hopelessly denied me, I turned to God, who never failed to strengthen and support me."

Julian fell at his mother's feet; she embraced him so tenderly that the son felt stronger than he had ever done before; for he now for the first time fully comprehended all his mother had been to him. The mother thanked God for the gift of so good a son.

Julian soon re-entered his daily path, and lived a useful, busy life. After a time he married, and was happy in his family circle. He loved and honored his mother from the depths of his heart; she still refused to leave the village, but it was always a happy time when he and his could visit her, and pass some days

under her mild and elevating influence. He also never forgot his affection for the aged friend whose counsels he well knew had been so powerful in maintaining his mother's courage and resolution in the narrow path of upright simplicity in which they had both chosen to walk.

Conrad passed his youth in pleasure, and his old age in care. Whenever he thought of Julian, he heaved a deep sigh. He well knew how hollow, miserable, and profitless his life had been, when compared with that of the companion of his youth.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

BY

ROSALIE KOCH.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

"O Aunt Ann!" cried a rosy-cheeked boy, suddenly entering his quiet aunt's apartment in no very decorous manner, — "O Aunt Ann! Elizabeth and I have holiday this afternoon! Will you not tell us a story?"

"Do, dear Aunt," said Elizabeth, the boy's elder sister, a tall, fair-haired girl of some twelve or thirteen summers.

"A story, dear children! And what kind of a story will you have?"

"Whatever you please," cried the children.

"Nay, that is rather too much, — not only to tell the tale, but to read your little hearts, and know exactly what will best please you. There are fairy stories, and true stories —"

"O tell us a true story, dear Aunt!"

"Well, then, a true story be it. Let me see — O yes, now I remember; but you must first sit down, and you, Harry, must cool those glowing cheeks with a little water. There, — now we will begin, and the story shall be called

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

In a beautiful valley in Silesia, much frequented by travellers on account of its wild and picturesque scenery, lies the little village of Kynau. Above the village towers a lofty height, crowned by the ruins of the once renowned castle of Kynsburg.

It was built by the first independent Duke of Silesia, Boleslas the Great; it afterwards fell into the hands of the robber chiefs by whom Europe was at that time sorely infested, and many were the curses imprecated upon its massive stone walls by plundered travellers and despairing captives. One of the last owners of this strong-hold, which is now undoubtedly the most extensive ruin in Silesia, was a certain Baron von Eben, and among the many legends relating to the castle of Kynsburg one

especially has been preserved, which in its principal details is said to be quite true.

The date of our story is long after the disappearance of the robber chiefs from the vicinity of Kynsburg, and our Baron was in all respects very much like the better class of barons of his own time. His wife, however, was one of those saintly women whom God sometimes sends upon the earth to temper the violence of a rude age. She was never weary of good deeds, and was often found in the lowly huts of the poor, whose love and gratitude to her were boundless, and who had named her The Good Angel of Misfortune.

And yet this gentle lady had one bitter enemy in the person of a distant relative, — a wild and reckless man, who, through evil habits and prodigal waste, had lost all his own property, and was now forced to rely upon the assistance of his relatives. Kuno had formerly lived at the castle of Kynsburg, but his irregular life, bad heart, and worse morals had proved so intolerable to his kind relatives, that Baron von Eben, after presenting him with a

large sum of money, had informed him he must leave the castle for ever.

With her accustomed mildness and gentleness, Marie endeavored to persuade her relative to renounce his evil ways, and become a better man; but she thus merely added to the rage and hate of the ungrateful man, and he swore to take some fearful vengeance on the *proud rich*, as he unjustly named the Baron and his wife.

During a long period he seemed to have entirely vanished from the neighborhood, but only too soon did a variety of misdeeds announce the vicinity of the envious man. He not only devastated the forests, and annoyed his relatives by continual depredations on their property, but he often endeavored to terrify Marie herself when she would walk out without her husband, by crossing her path in a variety of strange costumes; and his joy was extreme when he had succeeded in deterring her from venturing alone into the village, that she might aid and console the sick and suffering. And yet Marie sought as far as possible to conceal Kuno's evil deeds from her husband,

who would certainly have punished him severely; but the gentle lady still hoped by mild and friendly remonstrances to win Kuno from his wild ways, and banish the demon of hate which had taken possession of his soul.

When, however, the reckless man finally ventured to waylay the messengers intrusted with substantial aid for the poor of the neighboring villages, — when he abused these harmless people, and flung the articles they bore into the Weistritz, a stream running through the valley, — Marie thought the welfare of the innocent would no longer justify her in concealing Kuno's misdeeds.

The Baron was very indignant at Kuno's shameless behavior, and sent him a most impressive warning not to repeat it for the future. Kuno's only reply was a scornful laugh, and as some new outrage was shortly after committed, the Baron commanded his people to seize upon the villain and punish him severely.

During some time, Kuno was more careful of his conduct, but not the less did he nourish a hatred in his ignoble breast, which nothing

but the direst and most complete vengeance could now satisfy.

One day while Baron von Eben was absent on a visit to a friend in the neighborhood, Marie was sitting under a noble linden, which for more than a hundred years had afforded shade and perfume to the dwellers in the castle, and which stood by a bridge leading to the lofty and ancient gate-house. Her only son, Edmund, a child of four years old, was at her side, playing with the many-colored pebbles there found among the rocks.

Suddenly, a friar, clad in the long woollen garment of his order, entered the gate, and modestly stood at a distance from the lady. His white beard, gently waving in the summer air, gave his appearance a venerable aspect. He seemed to be collecting for his monastery, and Marie, seeing his humility, kindly beckoned him to approach; meanwhile detaching her purse from her girdle, she placed a considerable sum in his hand. She bade the weary and dusty traveller rest awhile in the cool shade, and sent Eleanor, the child's nurse, for a refreshing glass of wine and water.

While the gray-haired stranger talked to Marie of Jerusalem, which he had visited in his youth, his eyes were fixed upon the lofty octagonal tower flanking the castle. His conversation filled his attentive listener with more and more respect and sympathy for the worthy monk, and, observing his apparent interest in the tower, she related to him how, not long since, the lightning had stricken the summit, without in the least injuring the massive walls.

"There must be," said the monk, "a magnificent view from the tower, especially of the rocky valley through which flows the Weistritz."

"You love the beauties of nature, venerable father?" replied the lady. "You must then ascend the tower, and enjoy the charming prospect of the neighboring mountains, and the steep hill of porphyry on which formerly stood the dreaded castle of Hornburg."

Marie then called an old man who bore an immense bunch of keys, and who held the office of steward. She ordered him to go before, and open all the gates and doors.

"I will myself accompany you," said she to the monk. "Eleanor will meanwhile take care of the child. The sun will soon set, and that is a spectacle I am never weary of admiring from yonder height."

"Why will you not take your fair son with you, noble lady?" modestly asked the monk; "would it not be well for him early to acquire a love for the shining heavens?"

Marie smilingly lifted the boy from the ground, and thus, preceded by the steward, and followed by the stranger and Eleanor, she crossed the castle court to the foot of the tower. When they reached the top, Marie yielded herself entirely to the delight which the sublime prospect always excited in her breast; and as the wind was somewhat strong and cool, the good lady bade the old steward retire within a small chamber in the tower, because the faithful attendant had just recovered from a long and dangerous illness. She promised to call him as soon as she needed him, and the honest steward, casting a look of reverence and devotion upon his gentle mistress, silently withdrew.

The Baroness, with her left arm pressing her child to her bosom, employed her right in pointing out the various beauties of the landscape, the green hills and narrow valleys, with the towers of Breslau just distinguishable in the far distance.

But just at the moment when Eleanor's attention was attracted by the glittering towers, the supposed friar seized the child with his powerful arm, and, wresting him from his mother's grasp, stepped aside, and held the terrified boy over the battlements, swaying his light form to and fro above the fearful abyss. He laughed wildly as he cried out to the anguished mother: "Here, dear Baroness, here you see your noble scion in my — in your enemy's power."

"Kuno!" shrieked the terror-stricken lady, and made a movement to tear her jewel from his grasp, but her limbs failed her. "Mercy!" cried she, sinking half unconscious on the stone floor. Eleanor also stood speechless with horror, and the villain rejoiced in the anguish of the two helpless women.

"You must give your jewels for the child!"

cried Kuno. "Fetch them here: until then he remains in my power. But you must also swear to suffer me to pass free and unmolested through your estates. Will you do so, Marie? Speak!"

"Yes, fearful man!" groaned the mother; "I swear. All shall be yours, only be merciful, and spare my child's life."

She hastily tore the key from her girdle. "Eleanor," continued she, almost breathless, "in my press — the second drawer — the whole casket — hasten — fly — I beseech you."

The old steward had been called to the spot by Marie's cry of horror, but he stood utterly helpless in the villain's presence; he wished to call the servants, but Kuno, with frightful composure, said: "One word, old man, and the boy lies a mangled corpse upon the rocks below!"

The gray-haired steward folded his meagre hands and prayed, while the mother kept her anxious eyes fastened upon her beloved child. Kuno finally suffered the child to stand upon the wall, — a feeling of humanity had entered his wild heart, — but he still retained his grasp

upon the boy, and kept his advantageous position. He fastened his eyes upon Marie and the trembling old man, occasionally glancing down into the court-yard lest anything below should arouse his suspicion, — and a sudden red flushed his face when he heard a step upon the stairway. His arm was again stretched forth, and the boy hung as before over the abyss.

But it was Eleanor, who rushed in breathless with the heavy jewel-case in her hand. She gave it to Kuno, and the mother stretched out her trembling arms toward her child.

"There is the boy," said the wild youth, laughing; "these diamonds will in some foreign land confer new honor and glory upon the despised Kuno. Farewell Marie; may we never meet again!"

He hastily descended the steps, crossed the court-yard without molestation, and vanished through the main gate. The mother knelt, her child in her arms, upon the top of the tower, still glowing in the evening light, while the golden cross adorning the loftiest pinnacle shone like a heavenly beacon o'er the quiet

valley beneath. Never were more hearty thanks returned to God for a deliverance from the most imminent peril.

When Baron von Eben returned in the evening, he found Marie in a high fever, and when he learned the terrible scene she had witnessed, his first thought was, notwithstanding the violent rain-storm raging in the valley, at once to send men in pursuit of Kuno. But Marie conjured him to suffer the miserable wretch to flee to some distant land. She had given her word, and although it had been forced from her by the most unrighteous means, yet she did not wish to break it.

"Let him keep his ill-won wealth," said she, imploringly; "we are still rich, — O, so rich!" she added, pressing her pale lips upon Edmund's rosy cheek. The noble lord yielded against his will!

A few days after, as Marie was entering the village, followed by a servant carrying a basket full of nourishing food, wine, and soft linen bandages, she was met by a peasant, who made her a reverential salutation, and in-

formed her in his simple fashion of a man whom he had found several days before lying severely injured among the rocks, and whom he had since carefully tended. But as he feared the sick man was about to die, he had determined to go to the castle and ask her advice as to what he had better do in the event of the stranger's death.

Marie considered a moment, then followed the peasant to his secluded cabin, and there found — her enemy. Kuno lay powerless upon the miserable straw bed; his hands, burning with fever, were convulsively clasped round the head of a noble dog, which never for a moment left his master, night and day watching at his bedside. Kuno rose with horror when he saw Marie; but his dark features soon beamed with renewed hope.

"Do you bring me forgiveness?" cried he, involuntarily folding his hands. "Will you say one holy prayer at the bedside of a sinner?"

"Poor Kuno!" said Marie, compassionately, for intense pity had overcome the repulsion she had at first felt toward her enemy, "take

a little of this food, and then my servant will bind up your wounds with this soft linen; only keep quite still. I will aid you if I can!"

"Marie! You do not then curse your persecutor?" asked the sick man in feeble tones. "May God reward you!"

He turned in his bed, and after a few seconds drew forth the well-known jewel-casket, which he placed in the lady's hands, saying: "Take back your jewels, they are still untouched, and have lain upon my soul like drops of fire. When I left the castle, I hid myself till nightfall in the nearest wood, for I feared lest I should meet the Baron on his homeward way, and also placed no confidence in the promise wrested from you that you would permit me to depart unharmed. I determined to await the darkness, but the clouds began to threaten, and soon the storm raged and the rain fell in floods. I left my hiding-place, but scarcely had I gone a hundred feet, when my foot slipped, and I fell into the very abyss over which I had but a few hours before held your darling. I lay there quite helpless

until I was found early the next morning by this compassionate man, who brought me to his hut. God's wrath had overtaken me! — Forgive a miserable man, Marie! Do not hate me! I feel my own unworthiness, and repent of all my misdeeds."

The noble lady bent gently over the sick man's bed, rubbed his temples with wine, and poured a few drops upon his pale lips; — Kuno seemed to grow weaker and weaker, his breast heaved, and his pulse fluttered. Marie softly prayed: "O Lord, thou willest not the death of the sinner, but rather that he should repent and live."

She forgot that he for whom she thus prayed was her enemy and persecutor, whose wicked and bitter hate had so tormented her; — for charity covers a multitude of sins, teaches us to be kind and loving to one another, and to forgive our neighbor, as God has forgiven us in Christ.

She commanded the unhappy man's wounds to be carefully bound up with a healing bandage prepared by her own hands, and when the sick man finally fell into a deep sleep, she

softly left the hut and returned to the castle of Kynsburg.

But she visited almost daily the peasant's lowly hut, and continued her work of love and mercy; she often sat for hours together at Kuno's bedside, alleviating his sufferings, and elevating his moral nature by means of pious and consoling reflections, until the unfortunate man found the best of all consolations in humility, and resignation to God's will. Marie finally had the satisfaction of finding a nobler and better spirit awakening in Kuno's soul; he regarded his past life with shame and penitence, and rejoiced in his returning health, chiefly because it afforded him an opportunity of proving by his life the truth and fervor of his repentance. He could at length accompany his faithful nurse to the threshold of the little cabin, and, thanks to the nourishing food and old wine which Marie daily brought or sent him, he was soon quite well.

Marie did not venture to inform her husband of her frequent visits to the hut in the valley, for she had in vain striven to influence his harder and more unforgiving nature to

overlook the past, and hope the best for the future; — but the providence of God ever works by its own appointed means, and the richest blessing ever rests upon good works performed for the love of the All-Merciful and his unfortunate creatures.

The most touching reward for the noble lady was to see her reconciled enemy sitting at the little window, reading in the Bible she had brought him, or talking with her about his plans for the future, and the orderly and useful life he intended henceforth to lead. She could not but feel that, after God, this was her work, and that, with his blessing, her gentle charity had ripened good fruit upon a sterile soil.

When Kuno was entirely restored, she cared for him as if she had been his sister, brought him clothes, and gave him money to begin his new path in life. He determined to enter some foreign military service, and with many blessings parted from Marie, who had truly been his good angel; his tears fell upon the tender hands that had so carefully supplied all his wants, and from which but a few weeks

before he had threatened to wrest the dearest object in life.

"May God reward you, Marie!" said Kuno, deeply moved; "may he repay to your child all the good you have done to me! I will pray for you both, and whenever I feel myself again falling into the trammels of sin, I will think of you, and the remembrance will strengthen me in temptation."

He shook the honest peasant by the hand, and turned to leave the hut. When he reached the door, he looked again into the room;—his dog was whining piteously, and had laid his faithful head upon Marie's knee, as if he too wished to take leave of the gentle being whose appearance he had always greeted with a joyful bark, and who had often stroked him with her soft hand.

Marie bent down and caressed the handsome animal. Kuno again approached her and said: "Keep the faithful creature, Marie; let him be your son's playmate! Sometimes, perhaps, when he is amusing the child with his joyful bounds, you may bestow a kind thought upon poor Kuno. O, if I had any-

thing better to offer, it should be yours; but God can extract a blessing for you from the meanest object." He pressed the dog's head between his hands, made him a sign to remain where he was, and swiftly left the hut.

The dog whined twice or thrice when he heard the dying echo of his master's departing steps; he then quietly lay down at the feet of Marie, who was still talking with the peasant, whose poverty she had lightened by a substantial reward for the kindness he had shown to Kuno. When she returned to the castle, the dog willingly followed her.

Edmund was delighted with the noble animal, which soon became his most cherished playmate. Flink — such was the dog's name — unresistingly suffered all the boy's caresses, even when somewhat rough; and stood patiently still while the child mounted him for a pony, or fastened him to the little cart in which Edmund drove out his wooden soldiers. The mother looked on in silent delight, and thought with kindly wishes of him who had, for her child's sake, deprived himself of so faithful a companion.

Edmund meantime grew older and stronger, and soon began to ride on a Polish pony given him by his father. Of course Flink was delighted with this accession to their little society, and was never tired of gambolling at his master's side. When the boy at length began to go to school, he rode over to Schweidnitz every day, whither Flink also accompanied him.

The road from the castle to the school passed over the steep side of a mountain, amid broken rocks and abrupt precipices; the Weistritz flowed swiftly through the valley below. The mother never saw her Edmund depart upon this dangerous path without serious apprehensions for his safety; and the father, who was delighted with the spirit and courage displayed by his boy, strove in vain to calm her fears.

One day, however, the time for his return had long passed, and the mother's heart beat quick with anxious care. As hour after hour rolled by, and the young horseman could not be seen even from the top of the tower, which commanded a view of a large portion of the

road to the city, scouts were sent out to seek him, and the Baron and Baroness themselves, unable longer to control their apprehension, went down the steep path to meet their son.

But what a spectacle met their anguished gaze! Edmund's pony stood riderless on the brink of the steepest precipice. They approached in silent horror, and beheld their son's body hanging over the frightful abyss. His foot hung in the stirrup, and a single step made by the pony would be certain death.

Again, as in his infancy, his life was suspended above the deep abyss. One moment, and he might lie crushed and bleeding at the bottom.

"Father in Heaven, have mercy!" cried the unhappy mother. Even the usually decided father stood horrified, and in doubt what course to pursue, for the pony might shy to one side if any one approached to free Edmund from his dangerous position.

But — O Thou all-merciful and retributive God! — there stood the faithful dog, Kuno's gift, and Edmund's constant companion, at the pony's side, holding the bridle between his

teeth, so that the animal could not move from the spot. Flink's eyes were fastened on the pony, watching his every motion.

It seemed a miracle, — and yet thus it was. Edmund was only saved by the sagacity of the faithful dog, which held the bridle fast until the father had loosened the boy's foot from the stirrup, and held his rescued son in his arms. Then, with a loud and joyful bark, Flink sprang to Edmund, and pressed his head caressingly against the boy's pale face.

It would be impossible to describe the parents' joy at the recovery of their son. The mother folded her hands together, and looked silently heavenward, for she had just seen the fulfilment of one of the fairest promises made to love and mercy.

She then related to her husband how the faithful animal had come into her possession, and how she had repaid evil with good. The Baron embraced his noble wife, and felt ashamed of his own obstinacy and vindictiveness.

" O," cried he, deeply moved, " I would that all who harbor revengeful feelings in their

hearts might have witnessed this scene, and have beheld how love can overcome hate, and so convert it into love's own likeness, that it may even become a source of blessing."

The happy parents brought their son and his preserver home in triumph, and the Baron engaged a celebrated painter to make a picture of the wonderful event. The painting was hung up among the ancestral portraits in the castle of Kynsburg, and may yet be seen in the neighboring castle of Dittmannsdorf.

Flink was now treated with redoubled care and affection, and remained Edmund's truest and most inseparable companion. Whenever the happy parents thought of their son's wonderful rescue, — and that was not seldom, — they thankfully remembered Kuno, and desired to hear from him, and know if he were well and happy. The Baron even instituted many inquiries in foreign lands concerning him, but he was nowhere to be heard of.

Many years passed, and they finally believed that Kuno must be dead. He was remembered by all with sympathy and kindly feeling.

Edmund, who had meantime become a tall

and powerful youth, determined, as was the custom among the young knights of his age, to go upon his travels, and see the world. The mother wept as she bade her son farewell; but the father's heart was full of joy at his bold and knightly bearing, fine horsemanship, courage, and spirit. Thus for the first time did Edmund, for any lengthy period, leave his native castle. He was accompanied by one faithful servant, and the inseparable Flink.

Edmund went to France, which he reached without meeting with any adventures; but all at once his servant became so ill, that he was forced to remain a long time in a little village, until the honest man was finally declared out of danger. But the poor invalid was so weak that many weeks must elapse before he would be in a condition to continue the journey. Edmund then determined to visit the neighboring portions of the country, returning at short intervals to inquire after the welfare of his devoted attendant. It was late in the fall, and hence did Edmund hesitate the less to make the best possible use of the allotted time

still left him. He spurred his powerful steed amid the beautiful hills and wild forests, here and there meeting with a most hospitable reception at the various knightly castles lying in his route.

He was just returning from such an excursion, accompanied by Flink, who, though now very old, still preserved much of his youthful fire and vigor, and would not permit his increasing infirmities to separate him from his master's side. The road, which was entirely unknown to the young knight, led through a dense forest, and, as the horse stumbled over the projecting roots, and finally stood still before an impassable thicket, Edmund perceived that, in the increasing darkness, he had lost his way, and wandered from the beaten path. He dismounted, fastened his horse to a tree, and searched for some way by which he might escape from his present predicament, and reach a habitation.

A strong wind was blowing, the old pine-trees creaked, and the sky was obscured by heavy clouds, which only occasionally permitted a faint ray of moonlight to struggle

through their threatening masses. Edmund suddenly thought he heard a noise, and at the same moment Flink barked in the direction whence the sound appeared to come. Edmund gave a loud halloo, for he hoped to find men who could show him the way, or afford him shelter during the night. But he received no answer, and the roaring of the wind and creaking of the boughs again seemed to be the only sounds disturbing the silence of the night. Flink, however, refused to be quiet; he barked continually in the direction of the noise, and then laid his ear to the ground. Wearied by his fruitless efforts, Edmund determined to return to the spot where he had left his horse, and prepare to pass the night in the woods beside his tired steed.

Suddenly, Flink, with a loud bark, sprang forward to the spot where the horse had been fastened. The clouds broke away for a moment, and Edmund beheld two men standing by his steed, one of whom had already untied the halter, and held the bridle in his hand. He at once knew them to be robbers, and placed himself upon his guard. His only weapon,

however, was a dagger, as he had left his pistols attached to the saddle. One of the men rushed toward him, and seemed about to fell him to the ground with a single blow of an immense club which he held in his powerful grasp; but Edmund at that moment wounded him in the head, and he fell back, bleeding profusely. The other robber had meanwhile discovered Edmund's pistols, and, pointing one of them at the brave young knight, would inevitably have shot him, had not the faithful Flink flung himself upon the villain, and fastened his teeth in the uplifted arm. The pistol went off, but the shot missed Edmund, and grazed the neck of the courageous animal. Howling with pain, the dog flew at the robber's breast, forced him to the earth, and there, in spite of his violent struggles, held him down until Edmund returned from a short pursuit of his antagonist, who had succeeded in tearing the bridle from his comrade's hand, and, mounting the horse, had rapidly ridden away, leaving his companion to his fate.

The latter had meanwhile obtained posses-

sion of his pocket-knife, and had wounded the dog so deeply that the poor fellow was bathed in his own blood, and had only strength sufficient once more to fasten his teeth in the man's arm, and keep him down until Edmund came to his aid, and tore the faithful creature from the robber's grasp. Poor Flink lay weak and moaning at the feet of his young master, who, forgetting his past danger, bent over his devoted friend, with the most tender solicitude for his welfare.

While Edmund took out his pocket-handkerchief, and strove to bind up the poor dog's wounds as well as possible under the circumstances, the remaining robber took the opportunity of following his companion, and ran away as fast as his wounds would permit him.

The storm had lulled, and Edmund distinctly heard the trotting of horses close at hand. He thought it might be the robbers returning, and had determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, when an order given in a loud tone concerning some accident which had happened to an overturned vehicle, con-

vinced him he must be very near the main road, and would obtain assistance, could he find his way thither. But not wishing to leave the wounded animal alone, he stood a moment in doubt, when the same voice again spoke, and Flink, hastily raising his head, gave a loud but short howl. He then painfully rose and went a few steps forward; he again fell, and again strove to rise and proceed. Struck with astonishment and compassion, his young master followed him until the road was reached.

The light of the moon showed Edmund two men standing by an overturned carriage, and striving to right it. The voice already heard seemed to belong to the owner of the vehicle; when it again fell upon Flink's ear, he made a last effort, leaped the ditch dividing the road from the wood, and, whining with joy, sank at the stranger's feet.

The latter gazed in amazement upon the dying dog, which once more looked up into his face, pressed his head against the strange man's feet, and sank exhausted upon the ground.

"My faithful Flink, can it be possible?" cried the man, painfully surprised. "How came you here from the far distant land of Silesia?"

He looked up, and Edmund joyfully hastened to him.

"You are Kuno," cried the youth, — "Kuno, through whom I received the noble creature which, long ago, once saved my life, and to-night has sacrificed his own being in exchange for mine. We have long sought you in vain! How glad my gentle mother and noble father will be to hear that I have at length found you!"

"And you are Marie's son! A thousand times welcome, my young friend!" replied Kuno, for it was indeed he. The two men joyfully embraced. Flink made a last effort as if about to bark, and then lay cold and still upon the earth.

Edmund sadly and silently lifted him in his arms, and placed his body in the carriage, which had meanwhile been righted, and was again ready for use. Edmund at once accepted Kuno's invitation to accompany him

to his mansion, to which he was just returning after a short journey.

The young man related the wonderful manner in which Flink had formerly saved his life, and how ever since it had been the dearest wish of his parents again to meet with Kuno, and gratefully to repay all they owed him.

Kuno listened in deep emotion to Edmund's narrative, and, with his eye still fastened upon poor Flink's dead body, said: "How, in the hand of the Lord, evil may turn to good, and curses to blessings. But to those who love God, all things work for the best, and the blessing of goodness endureth to the hundredth generation."

Edmund passed several weeks in the mansion which Kuno had earned by his own industry. The latter there led a quiet and retired life, loved and esteemed by the good, and feared by the wicked, for through much sorrow had he learned true wisdom and the loveliness of virtue.

The faithful dog was buried in a green spot in Kuno's garden, and an evergreen planted

at his head, to signify his constancy and fidelity.

When Edmund's servant had finally recovered his strength, and the young man parted with his friend to return to his parents, it was with the express understanding that Kuno would visit Kynsburg during the following spring, and renew the pleasure he had found in the young knight's society.

But when the time came, and Kuno was joyfully expected, — Edmund had long before safely returned to his home, and informed his parents of the strange events which had befallen him, — and Marie had carefully arranged the best chamber in the castle, instead of the expected guest came a messenger of woe. Kuno was dead. He had named Edmund as his heir; and the owners of Kynsburg soon after, with saddened hearts, journeyed to France to take possession, and visit the grave of their lamented relative.

When Edmund led his parents to the little green mound under which lay the remains of the faithful dog, the Baron von Eben folded his gentle wife's hands within

his own, and solemnly said: "Render not evil for evil, nor railing for railing, but, contrariwise, blessing; for unto this are you called, that you may inherit a blessing."

THE GENEROUS ENEMY.

BY

ROSALIE KOCH.

13

THE GENEROUS ENEMY.

In one of the prettiest streets of Breslau stood, a few years since, a very handsome house. One afternoon, a couple of neatly dressed children were seen playing at battledoor and shuttlecock in the lofty, vaulted vestibule. They were the son and daughter of President Ritter, and were named Benno and Laura. The boy played very skilfully; but the girl's eyes were often turned to the stone gateway, against which leaned another boy, whose clothing showed him to belong to the poorer class. He wore an old jacket and a faded vest; his feet and head were both uncovered, his blooming face being only shaded by a profusion of brown curls. The general expression of his countenance was mild and

good-natured, though not without a faint tinge of pride. A small dog seemed to be the lad's only possession, and, notwithstanding his evident weariness, he often bent down to the pretty creature, and gently stroked it.

He did not seem to have observed the children playing within the house; but Laura, with childish curiosity, looked at him so often that she frequently let the ball fall to the ground, and the impatient Benno finally became aware of the cause of her inattention. Benno's greatest fault was envy; he could not bear to hear another praised, and grudged every pleasure or possession enjoyed by his companions; even his preference for Laura partook of the nature of this ignoble passion. He had, consequently, scarcely observed the evident sympathy with which his sister regarded the poor boy, when he already hated him, and, hastily approaching him, cried out, "What are you doing there, boy?"

"I am resting a little in the shade," replied the stranger, without, however, giving the least sign of any intention to move away.

"You must go then under the trees," said

Benno, scornfully; "there are greater numbers of persons passing there from whom you can beg!"

"I am no beggar!" answered the boy, blushing, and rising to leave his place. He looked round for his dog, but the little creature was lying at the feet of Laura, who was feeding him with white bread, and gently stroking his head with her soft hand.

The boy looked kindly upon the child, and, seeing the pleasure she seemed to take in playing with his pet, hesitated to call the dog away. Benno's impatience increased.

"Call off your dog, fellow; he is soiling my sister's dress," said the hasty-tempered boy; "and if you do not do so at once, I will call my father's bloodhound to drive you both away."

"Benno!" begged the gentle Laura, "let the boy alone; he does you no harm, and his dog is such a lovely little creature!"

"O," said the young stranger, "if you like Joli, he must show you all his tricks." So saying, he called the dog, and the intelligent animal went through his whole round of feats,

giving a paw, walking on his hind legs, dancing, jumping over a stick, etc., etc.

"O, that is charming!" cried Laura, as she tied a blue ribbon from her straw hat round the dog's neck.

"It is high time," said Benno, scornfully, "for you to go away, and let your dog play his tricks in the highway, so that you need not come to beggary yourself. But you must buy yourself a better suit with your earnings before you again rest near our door."

"And do you think I would let my Joli play his tricks for money?" angrily asked the boy, involuntarily clenching his fists. "I have a great mind to show you, my young gentleman, what I would much prefer doing."

Benno drew dack from the angry boy, but maliciously trod on the dog, which was running backward and forward between Laura and the stranger, and entertaining them with the most comical leaps and bounds. Joli gave a piteous cry and fled to his master, who at that moment seized Benno's arm, and was about to let the stick, over which

the dog had been jumping, fall very impressively upon the bad boy's shoulders, when his glance suddenly fell upon the anxious and terrified girl, standing near, with tearful eyes, and hands imploringly stretched forth toward his uplifted arm. He blushed, lowered his stick, and called his dog from the corner in which the frightened little animal had taken refuge. But his hand was bleeding, for he had cut himself upon the penknife which Benno had drawn from his pocket to have in readiness for the approaching scuffle. The servants of the house, attracted by Benno's cry for help, were heard descending the stairs, and Laura anxiously entreated the strange boy to go away as fast as possible.

"I beseech you, go, poor lad, before any one has time to beat or shame you. Here is my handkerchief to tie up your hand with; — but make haste!"

The boy took the handkerchief, pressed it to his lips, and hastened away.

The game was not renewed; and Benno continued out of temper the whole day. The little adventure was not forgotten; but

a long time elapsed before either of the children again met the strange boy. However, Laura frequently found a bunch or wreath of flowers, so arranged as to display the initials of her name, lying on a seat in a small stone grotto near the gate. The boy had taken this means of expressing his gratitude to the kind little girl who had thought his Joli so pretty, and who had shown such interest in himself.

One day, when Laura, accompanied by her maid, was walking through one of the poorer streets of the city, she saw a blind fiddler sitting in a secluded corner, with his instrument lying beside him. While he was resting, a group of bad boys had rubbed the bow with tallow, and retreated to a little distance to watch the event, and enjoy the amazement of the old man when he would vainly attempt to draw any sound from his violin. Another boy, who had chanced to see the proceeding, rushed out from a small house in the neighborhood, and began to lecture the authors of the mischief. But they only laughed, and ridiculed him. Highly indignant, he threat-

ened them with punishment; whereupon they all attacked him, and, notwithstanding his skilful defence, succeeded in throwing him down, and would probably have administered a severe chastisement had not Laura, who had recognized the little stranger, stepped forward, and not only besought them to let the boy go, but offered them the whole contents of her purse as an inducement.

Crimson with shame, but with a grateful glance toward his protectress, the conquered lad arose, called out in the direction of the little house whence he had issued, and then seized upon the rudest of the boys, who now held Laura's purse, previous to dividing it among his comrades. Several men from the house answered his call for help; the boys all fled, and the victor joyfully poured the contents of the purse, which he had wrenched from his adversary's grasp, into the poor blind man's hat. When he turned to look for the kind-hearted little girl, she had disappeared with her attendant; and, quite troubled that he had had no opportunity of thanking her, Carl re-entered the house in which dwelt his parents.

Laura had joyfully observed that her young *protégé* was much better dressed than when she first saw him, from which fact she concluded that his poverty could not be so extreme. She mentioned this circumstance to her brother, without, however, betraying any of the particulars of her meeting with Carl; but he still felt angry at the disturber of his game, and had no words but those of scorn and contempt to bestow upon the poor boy.

Carl, meanwhile, strove in vain to see his little benefactress, as he called her, once more. He did not venture very near the house; and only when night cast its dark shadow over the earth did he dare to approach the gate and lay his flowers on the very spot whence Benno's rudeness had formerly driven him.

One evening, when the President was returning from a party, he lost his pocket-book near the gate. Carl had just laid the first spring violets upon the stone bench, and was about to depart, when the sound of approaching footsteps caused him to conceal himself in a dark recess. He was the fortunate finder of the valuable pocket-book, and early the next

morning stood near the house, hoping to see a servant with whom he could leave his prize. But he waited in vain. It was nearly school-time; he could delay no longer. Neither did he wish to enter the house. So that when Benno himself came out, and was about passing through the gateway, Carl, after a moment's hesitation, placed the pocket-book in his hands, saying, "I found it here," and vanished like a flash from the eyes of the astonished boy.

Benno, moved by envy, did not inform his father how the pocket-book had come into his possession; and the President was delighted that it was his own son who had found the valuable repository of his money and papers. He rewarded Benno with a beautiful gold watch; and the real finder, poor Carl, had no other recompense than the quiet joy of having been of use to Laura's father.

Impelled by ambition, and stung by the scorn of the rich and insolent Benno, Carl employed all his energies in cultivating his natural capacities. He determined to study, and, by copying manuscript papers or musical notes, to collect the sum necessary for the ful-

filment of his design. His parents were in fact very poor, but they found no difficulty, with labor and economy, in procuring their daily bread; and thus the boy was at liberty to use his little savings for his own future advancement.

The thought that he might one day show his gratitude to his young benefactress, and win the respect of her proud brother, had a powerful influence upon the efforts he now made to become one of the best scholars in his class.

Thus passed several years. The children whom we have introduced to our young readers had never forgotten one another. Laura often talked of the strange boy and his Joli, while Benno envied the miserable beggar-boy (as he always called Carl) the interest bestowed upon him by his sister. Benno had now become a young man, whom ambition had impelled to very hard study, and considerable improvement of his mental faculties. His desire for advancement was now sharpened by envy; for in the very court where, after finish-

ing his studies, he was employed, he found himself placed below another young man, with much higher testimonials of industry and capacity than he could produce. To his amazement and bitter disgust, he at once recognized in the young man the poor boy whom he had so rudely and shamefully treated.

He was not generous enough to tell this to Laura; and while he envied Carl every word of praise bestowed upon him by his employers, and every success which attended his labors, his repugnance toward the young man daily darkened into the blindest and most unreasonable hate.

Carl's chief faults were a certain species of pride, and an almost ungovernable hastiness; but since the day when these failings had so troubled and terrified the gentle Laura, he had determined to overcome them. He finally succeeded in attaining self-government, for, if a man earnestly will it, he can effect much with his own nature; and thus Carl gradually rose from his insignificant position, until he finally became the industrious clerk and chief favorite of Benno's father, the President.

Benno, impelled by his evil passions, left nothing untried to prejudice his father against Carl; and he at length succeeded in rendering him distrustful of the young man. It was part of Benno's plan to remove his rival from his present situation, and have him sent to some little town, where his remarkable talent could no longer excite the observation of his present superiors.

One day, during the winter, when the sky shone blue and clear over the snow-covered houses and streets, Benno took his sister, who was now a young lady, out sleighing. The gay horses danced to the silver ringing of the little bells adorning their stately heads, and all the passers-by cast an approving glance at the pretty equipage. Suddenly a funeral train entered the street through which the sleigh was flying, and Benno turned down a side alley, whence he could soon again return into the main street. Laura immediately recognized the modest houses of the little street, and the image of the poor boy rose vividly in her mind; for it was out of one of these very doors that he had once issued to befriend the

injured blind man. At the very spot where she had, for the second time, saved him from ill treatment, the street became narrower from the heaps of snow piled on one side, and they were obliged to drive very near the houses. Suddenly, a young man appeared at one of the doors, and, motionless with surprise, remained standing on the threshold. An aged and coarsely clad woman seemed thus far to have accompanied him, for the youth still held her brown hand fondly clasped within his own. Laura immediately recognized Joli's master, and Benno glanced contemptuously toward the pair, evidently despising the poverty surrounding them. At the same moment, a dog, with a faded blue ribbon round his neck, sprang toward the sleigh with a loud and joyful bark. Joli had at once instinctively recognized the young girl; and Laura, delighted with he meeting, bent over toward the faithful animal, which seemed to have become very old and weak.

"Joli!" cried she, "you dear little creature!"

Joli tried to leap upon the handsome skins

covering the sleigh, but his strength failed him, and he fell back. Benno at that moment touched the spirited horses with the whip. The young man and Laura simultaneously cried, "Hold!"—but Benno gave the animals the rein, and the poor dog lay dead upon the ground, crushed by the swiftly passing sleigh.

Laura long mourned over this melancholy occurrence, and felt deeply grieved at the conduct of her brother, whose envious nature had often before caused her to shed bitter tears of sorrow and mortification. She informed her father of what had happened; and Benno received from him a humiliating reprimand, which still further increased his ill-will toward the innocent cause.

But, on the contrary, how noble seemed the spirit of the poor boy, how enduring and tender his feelings! Laura had been deeply touched at the sight of the faded blue ribbon round Joli's neck: it told of a grateful heart. And then what an affectionate son he appeared to be!

And so indeed he was. While Benno filled

his leisure hours with expensive pleasures, and caused his father more pain than joy, Carl spent every Sunday with his aged parents, and enlivened their lonely hours with his care and affection. He read to his pious mother passages from her favorite books, and entertained his bed-ridden father with lively accounts of all that was passing in the outer world. He never failed, in addition to their weekly support, to bring them some little object of interest or enjoyment, such as his very limited income could afford.

The father's life finally seemed to hang upon a mere thread, and the good son passed every hour he could spare from toil in the sick man's room; and as the increased wants of his parents required increased means, he wrote night after night, seated beside his father's bed, and anxiously listening to every breath, as it fell upon his ear, mingled with the rustling of his rapid pen.

At this time the President went away on a journey. During his last interview with his industrious clerk, he intrusted to his care a pressing and important case, requiring the ut-

most caution and secrecy. Carl was hence prevented from being with his parents as much as he desired; but he knew his duty, and conscientiously strove to fulfil it. The President had enjoined upon him the necessity of having the papers ready at a certain fixed time, and also of laboring upon them nowhere except in his office. The young man, at that time quite hopeful with regard to his father's state of health, which had suddenly changed much for the better, promised to fulfil these conditions, and rejoiced in the opportunity of showing his industry and capacity.

The work was immense; and as the good son still passed many hours with his parents, he was often obliged to write in the President's office until quite late in the night. He avoided meeting Benno, and Laura was absent with her father.

One evening, when Carl in a few hours hoped to have entirely finished his work, as the following morning was the period set for its termination, his mother entered, weeping, and implored him to go home with her, as his father had been stricken with apoplexy, and wished to see him before he died.

The young man instantly left his work, and followed his mother. He found his father dangerously ill, and the physician declared that in all human probability he would not survive the night.

The mother begged her son not to desert her in this trying hour. The sick man lay motionless, and seemed gradually sinking into the long and last sleep. A severe struggle arose in the young man's soul, — on one side his dying father, and on the other the duty of a man intrusted with weighty interests, and bound by his plighted word. He could think of no other plan than that of finishing the work, now so near its conclusion, in his parents' quiet little room; and thus at once console his afflicted mother, and receive the last breath of his dying father. His conscience long resisted the idea of disobeying the command of his superior, and breaking his own promise, but filial love finally conquered.

He hoped, through an open confession of what he had done, to reconcile the President with his course, and he felt quite sure that in his parents' dwelling no strange eyes would

fall upon the important papers. He hastened back to the President's house. The lamp was still burning in the office, of which he kept the key. He rolled the papers carefully together, extinguished the light, and with a heavy heart descended the stairs. He met Benno at the door; he cast but one glance upon Carl, but that glance expressed all the envy and malice he harbored in his soul against his father's favorite. He saw the papers in Carl's hands, and smiled in anticipated triumph. The good son hastened through the narrow street to the house in which his father lay dying; he assisted his mother as much as possible in the care of the dear invalid, and employed every spare moment in completing his important task.

Benno was only too well acquainted with his father's rigidity and precision in business matters, and he slyly managed it so that he should be informed of poor Carl's transgression, but not of its noble and innocent cause. The President refused to see Carl when he came to excuse himself; and when he attempted to explain the matter in writing, Benno,

apparently through an oversight, did not suffer the letter to fall into his father's hands.

Benno had inspired the President with the belief that Carl had only taken the letters away that he might have aid in his laborious task; and unfortunately, in support of the truth of this supposition, it was well known that a skilful but briefless lawyer lodged in the same house with Carl's parents.

A few days after the above-mentioned eventful night, Carl was sitting in his father's little room, the window of which was darkened by a heavy curtain, (for the old man still lived, but was so weak that he could not endure even the feeble light of a cloudy winter's day,) when he heard a light knock, and, opening the door, joyfully recognized the court messenger. He hoped to receive either a considerable sum or some minor office as a reward for his labor, and, gratefully glancing heavenward, opened the President's letter, which he thought had come at a most opportune moment, for his funds were exhausted, and he was in real want. But when he had read to the end, he sank in blank dismay upon his seat beside his

father's bed. His former patron announced in a few words that he no longer needed his services, and hoped he would be more fortunate elsewhere.

He felt utterly forsaken, — without money, without hope, without friends, — his father dying, and his aged mother without a single resource! The poor young man divined whence this blow had fallen upon him, and bitter tears filled his eyes.

But he prayed in his heart, "Lord, preserve me from hatred, and rebellion against thy holy will!" and unwilling to distress his mother by any new cause of sorrow, he concealed his grief and anxiety within his own bosom.

During the course of that night his father died.

Benno had triumphed. The poor victim of his arts determined to take no further steps toward his own justification, and to bear his hard fate in silence. As soon as the funeral was over, he would certainly be able to find some employment, however laborious, by which he could support his bereaved mother.

It was Sunday, the evening bells were ringing, and this was the hour appointed for the burial of Carl's father.

Benno and his sister were at the same moment enjoying a rapid course over the glassy surface of the frozen Oder; Benno on skates, and Laura in a chair on runners, which her brother pushed before him. Carl passed near the river on his way home from the funeral, and his mournful eyes fell upon the bitter enemy who had robbed him of every joy, and blasted all his hopes; but hatred found no place in his heart. He passed slowly on, — no one should witness his solitary grief, — and he delayed returning to his mother until he had regained his self-control.

Benno had scarcely recognized Carl, when his conscience impelled him to fly as far as possible from the man he had calumniated. He rapidly pushed the chair away from the shore, and even ventured upon the more remote and less-tried ice, which was filled with weak and dangerous spots. He had only gone a few steps when the treacherous surface gave way, and the skater fell. He convulsively

seized the chair, which overturned, and Laura was thrown forward some distance over the ice. Benno sank! No one ventured to approach the perilous spot. Laura still lay unconscious on the frozen surface.

But suddenly a young man was seen hastening with rapid strides toward the place of danger. The ice broke under him, and he fearlessly dived to the bottom. With great difficulty he succeeded in rescuing the unconscious Benno from the watery depths. He gave him in charge to the by-standers, who had meanwhile assembled near the spot, and who immediately employed the ordinary means for restoring suspended animation. He then hastened to Laura, who, during the general confusion, had not been observed, and, seeing a few drops of blood issuing from a slight cut on her forehead, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and bound it round the brow of the unconscious girl. Then, placing her in the arms of some women standing near, he vanished as quickly as he had come.

Benno was not aroused to consciousness until he reached his father's room, and he

immediately fell into a burning fever, which brought him very near his death. His fancies were frightful, and all related to remorse and a stricken conscience.

In one of his lucid moments, Laura related, as gently as possible, the scene of his deliverance, as she had heard it from others; and when he learned that Carl — the hated and calumniated Carl — had been his deliverer, he confessed, with the deepest shame, his sins against the preserver of his life, and the most noble resolutions sprang from his sincere and enduring penitence.

Carl's agency in the deliverance had been discovered from the handkerchief bound round Laura's head, which she remembered as the very one employed by herself, years before, in the performance of a similar office. The President also felt with shame how unjustly he had treated the industrious clerk, the good son, the generous enemy; and determined to leave no means untried of repairing, as far as possible, the wrong that had been done. Benno aided him with as much zeal and generosity as he had formerly shown hatred and envy.

Carl had meanwhile earned a scanty subsistence by means of copying. His strength, however, was fast failing him, for he too had felt unwell ever since the day of his bold and noble effort; and when, shortly after, the sun shone upon his four-and-twentieth birthday, he felt as if he must soon succumb to the care and suffering which were undermining his existence.

Pale as death, and crushed in spirit, he stood near the window of the little room, while his mother spun, and at the same time softly sang one of those consoling hymns which so touch the heart and elevate the soul.

Tear after tear fell from the young man's eyes. They chanced to fall upon the faithful dog, which had been stuffed, and now always stood beside the desk of his grateful master. He gazed upon the blue ribbon still adorning the creature's neck, and thought how wonderfully all the events in life were knit together, and how dreary was the future awaiting him.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door. A strange servant entered, bearing a small box, which he placed upon the table, and then departed without uttering a word.

The lid was not fastened, and the astonished mother lifted it without difficulty. A cry of joyful surprise escaped her lips. Carl looked within;—the box was filled with the most rare and beautiful exotics, surmounted by a wreath of passion-flowers, and encircling a paper with a large seal.

Carl mechanically unfolded the document. A most laudatory notice of the fateful work he had finished for the President, and a roll of gold-pieces, lay before his astonished gaze. On the paper was written, in the President's own, unmistakable hand, "For the establishment of the new Court-Assessor."

Carl's hand trembled, his eyes filled, and he fell upon the bosom of his dear mother, now weeping for joy. The door was again suddenly thrown open. Benno, leaning on his sister's arm, slowly entered, and silently and humbly offered Carl his wasted hand.

Laura hastened to the mother, and spread out before her a quantity of little feminine gifts.

Carl's emotion fairly unmanned him, and he lay like a child in the arms of his reconciled

enemy. Laura bent like an angel of peace over the deeply excited pair, while the mother folded her hands, and prayerfully repeated: —

"Embitter not thy life, my heart,
With wrathful deeds or words!
Forgiveness is of man the part,
But vengeance is the Lord's!"

"Amen!" said the young girl.

THE END.

Mrs. Edward
Mason
Brooms
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N.S.

Charlie Pelham
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